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WHAT YOU DO, DO CHEERFULLY.

Whatever you do, do cheerfully,
As if your heart was in it.
'Twill smooth the way to the goal you seek,
And give you strength to win it.
For little of silver or gold you'll get,
And if you make up your mind to frown
and fret,
Little of joy for a lonely hour,
If you never have planted a single flower,
What though the task a hard one be,
Still with a smile begin it;
And whatever you do, do cheerfully,
As if your heart was in it.

The help you give with a cheery word
Is a double help for your neighbor,
For it puts a song in a weary heart
That knoweth no rest from labor.
For little you'll know of real delight
If you work for yourself from morn till
night,
And never have a penny to spend,
Or a loving thought for a needy friend;
The thread of life will longer wear,
If with a song you spin it;
So whatever you do, do cheerfully,
As if your heart was in it.

You make your cross a heavier one
Than ever the Lord intended,
If you sit and sigh at the bottom of the stairs,
Down which your hopes descended.
The better by far to live your day
In a wholesome, happy, light-hearted way,
Than to carry about a gloomy face
As if the world was a dismal place.
If you ever have sung a song of joy,
Gratefully now begin it,
And whatever you do, do cheerfully,
As if your heart was in it.

J. P.

FETTERED, YET FREE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE," "ESTELLE'S ERROR," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

After Eva Dayrell had left him so suddenly, Geoffrey Chetwynd continued to pace up and down the hall till Lady Temple came down stairs, saying:

"Will you go up to her, Mr. Chetwynd? She is in Cecil's room, and wants to see you."

Geoffrey needed no second bidding. He bounded up two stairs at a time and entered the little room where Sybil, her head resting on her hand, sat on a low chair by the fire. Her face was pale and her eyes heavy with tears.

"Why, Sibyl, I did not think you cared for him," exclaimed Geoffrey in a vexed tone, for he did not like to see her crying about another man's death. "I thought you would look on it as the happiest thing that could have happened for all parties."

He was my husband, the father of my boy," she answered sadly. "I feel now as if I ought never to have left him. Perhaps this terrible thing would never have happened if I had not."

"And perhaps a more terrible thing would have happened, and he would have killed you and Cecil too before himself," retorted Geoffrey; "it seems to me likely enough from what you have told me. At any rate that is the most sensible way to look at it now, Sibyl, my darling," he added, more gently, "and I know I am talking like a brute, but I cannot bear to see you crying over what is such intense happiness to me. Was it for this that you sent for me?"

"No, of course not. I want you to be the friend you promised to be, and go up to London at once to settle everything. If it is absolutely necessary for me to come up, you must send for me; but of course I would much rather not appear. I will give you my solicitor's address. Will you do this for me? There may be another John Lawrell in the world."

"I will, but we do not know for certain yet that it is your husband."

"Yes, but not another John Thursto Lawrell," she answered. "The name and age and address were given in the obituary. In the list there was a Mr. Lenny, who gave evidence on the inquest, he was staying at the hotel with John and Mr. Richard Lenny; he was a friend of my husband's in the old days when we lived together. Perhaps you had better see him."

"I will see to everything," he said; "but I fear you will have to come up to town. I shall probably come back and fetch you. Shall I find you here, or are you going back to the cottage?"

"I should be home, I must get my mourning; and I do not feel fit for society even that of kind Lady Temple."

"Very well. But, Sibyl, don't get a widow's cap; I shall hate to see you in it, and it will cause such a lot of talk. Besides, I shall have to wait such a long, long time, if it gets abroad that your husband is only just dead."

"Please don't talk of that," she answered, hurriedly, her face crimsoning. "It is all so strange and sad. I will not wear a widow's cap if you do not wish it, and I think it will be better not as you say. I do not want to—I can't think."

"Well, good by then. If you do not come up, I shall soon come down. I don't feel as if I could lose sight of you for long together. It is like waking from a horrible nightmare."

He stooped and kissed her gently, and was gone before she could speak. He had just time to pack his clothes and drive to the station, to reach town at the 12.15 express, and reached London about six hours later. The guard was considerably astonished at receiving half-a-crown in return for nothing, but Geoffrey felt inclined to "tip" the whole world just then, and was really oppressed with his deep sense of obligation to John Lawrell for so kindly taking himself out of the world just at the right moment.

"He was really a good-hearted fellow, I fancy, after all," he thought, as he jumped into a hansom. "I wonder if he would like me to put a handsome monument over his grave. I'm sure I'll do it with pleasure—something heavy to keep him safe, as somebody says somewhere. Poor fellow! What a brute I am to talk so! But I feel crazy with happiness to think that my darling is free to marry me—that I need not struggle night and day to forget her."

He drove to the Palace Hotel, and asked if Mr. Lenny was there. Yes, Mr. Lenny was there, living like a prince on money that had lain in John Lawrell's pockets once. Mr. Lenny was at dinner, and sent word that he would be very glad if Mr. Chetwynd would join him at it; but this Geoffrey declined, saying he would have his dinner in the coffee-room and join Mr. Lenny later. He had no wish to dine at the expense of any friend of Mr. Lawrell's, and had his own suspicions as to the character of this hospitable gentleman. Accordingly, having ended his solitary meal—and his thoughts were pleasant enough to make his own society very agreeable—he made his way to Mr. Lenny's room. That gentleman still sat at the table, perhaps for want of something to do, slowly sipping his wine, though his flushed cheeks and heavy eyes plainly showed that he had already taken more than was good for him. He was a good looking, gentlemanly man of about forty, though his face was disfigured with lines and seams, the signs of a dissipated life, and his hair was prematurely white.

"Take a chair, my friend," he said, solemnly. "Sorry you would not join me at dinner—always ready for friend or foe is Dick Lenny. Don't recognize your face at all, so am anxious to which class you belong."

"Neither one nor the other," replied Geoffrey, taking a chair, but refusing the wine that the other pushed toward him. "This is our first meeting, and will probably be our last. I merely came to get any particulars you can give me of Mr. Lawrell's death, as I understand you were with him."

"Yes, I was with him—poor Jack!" returned the other, refilling his glass. "What a night I had of it! Worst fit of jumps I ever saw. It ended in a jump too that ended Jack. Held him as long as I could, but he was too much for me, and before the waiter could get to him he was across the room and out of the window. Thought the waiter was the 'Old Gentleman' come to fetch him."

Where are his watch and ring and all he had about him? His widow asked me to ascertain for her," said Geoffrey, trying to repress the disgust he felt for the man The other laughed.

"His widow! Ah, I remember Mrs. Lawrell! Dowsed pretty young thing she was, but she left poor Jack—couldn't stand those little attacks. Quite an amicable arrangement, I believe, though I never could understand his letting such a pretty woman go so easily However, Jack hated bother—never was a fellow shirk every worry as he did—and he kept her money, he told me. Oh, the lawyer took everything he had about him—old Gibbs, of Lincoln's Inn Fields! He was here next day—heard of the affair, as lawyers always do hear of everything—struck his effects as they call it, saw poor Jack, or the smash that had been Jack, rather, for he was awfully damaged—came down on his head—and saw the funeral and all the rest of it. You must go to him for everything worth having."

Thank you, that was all I wanted to know," and Geoffrey, rose, bowed, and left the room. "He'll sit there and drink till he is carried to bed," he thought, as he drove away to his chambers. "What an awful scourge drink is! Where is the fascination to induce men to make sots, brutes, and self murderers of themselves for the sake of it?"

He saw Mr. Gibbs, the lawyer, on the following day, and at his wish telegraphed to Sibyl to come up at once, as there was a good deal for her to do that it was almost impossible for her to do through the post. Then with a light heart he went to his comfortable rooms for her in Suffolk Street, ordered her dinner, and was at Euston Square Station when the train steamed slowly up to the platform. Very pale and tired the two travelers looked as they alighted, and very thankful Sibyl felt for Geoffrey's help, as he hailed a cab, looked after the luggage, and, getting in beside her, took Cecil on his knee.

"You had better have left this little man at the Abbey," he said. "London air will do no good, and he will be very much in your way."

"He would not stay—he was so anxious to see you," answered Mrs. Elton. "Besides, they are in trouble at the Abbey may. I did want to see Eva—is very ill. I met Dr. Bell as I was driving to the station, and he had just left her. She caught a chill, and, sitting out-of-doors nearly all day, and internal inflammation has set in She is in terrible pain, and they are most anxious about her."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said Geoffrey, quickly. "What a sudden thing. She was quite well when I left the Abbey."

"Yes, it came on only yesterday evening. Poor Lady Temple is so fond of her that I hope for her sake she will recover, but I cannot like Miss Dayrell myself—she will not let me."

"No, I know. She is quite a different girl from what she was when I first knew her. Something has been going wrong with her lately—I do not know what."

Sibyl Elton—for so Geoffrey would still call her—did not answer. She had a very shrewd suspicion as to what was the matter, and would have been very sorry for Geoffrey to guess it.

She could not help caring for him if she has been much of him," she thought, as she looked up and met his dark eyes smiling down on her.

Everything was ready and comfortable at the lodgings, and Sibyl with a full heart realized for the first time in her troubled life how the tender, watchful care of a man's love brightens and smooths a woman's path. Geoffrey saw mother and child cosily settled, and then was walking with a light heart toward his chambers, when he ran up against Captain Lee.

"Tom, old fellow, how are you?" he exclaimed, heartily. "What business brings you to town in these dreary months? With that long face you look like a mute out for a holiday."

"Don't chaff, Geoff—I'm awfully cut up," answered poor Tom, solemnly. "Of course you have heard all about it. I felt sure she would'st have me; but it has made me utterly wretched to know it for certain. I'm going to exchange and go to India or the West Indies at once, in the hope of some beastly fever putting an end to me. I wish there was a war going on any where, and I'd volunteer."

"Nonsense, Tom," returned Geoffrey; "don't be so weak. There are plenty of nice girls left in the world, even if she won't have you—and she may care for you."

"If I thought she would, I'd stay and wait for years; I shall never care for any girl—never. I wish you would marry. I can't help having a sort of idea she cares for you."

"Humbug! She doesn't, and never did. For the rest, I am going to be married as soon as I can possibly be. I am engaged, and you may rely on it, my dear sir, if you want to get your mind at rest; but I don't want the world and his wife to know it yet."

"By Jove, that's good news, Geoff!" Tom said, quickly, and his face brightened. "I wish you joy with all my heart. I'll wait and see if she comes round at all when she hears it. Shall you stay with the Temples still?"

"Yes," and Geoffrey hesitated as to whether he should say more. Something in his manner made Tom ask, quickly

"Is she quite well?"

"No, not quite. That is, Tom, my good fellow, I don't know whether I ought to tell you or not, but I've just heard that she is very ill."

"Very ill!" repeated Tom, faintly, his fair, good looking face paling visibly. "Eva very ill! Thank Heaven I met you! I shall go down by the next train. Good by, old fellow; if it's anything infectious, I'll catch it and die, unless she gets well

ingly. "I shall feel no peace till you a actually my wife. But nothing can part us now, can there?"

"Nothing, nothing. Good night, Geoffrey, my own dear Geoffrey!"

She lifted her head and kissed him for the first time in her life, and then broke away from him and Geoffrey, treading on air hardly able to keep from singing aloud in his wild happiness, went back to the Abbey.

CHAPTER XV

Sibyl waverly knew how she lived through the next day, it was one hard struggle not to think. She could not, would not realize the full meaning of the step she was about to take, which was to give up all that a woman could prize most, with the possible exception of love—bread and free ever learn the truth, he would scorn and despise her and cast her off for ever, and to put herself within the power of the law risking horrible shame and punishment. But, when these thoughts arose she put them aside with a strong hand.

"I do not care what risk I run," she said to herself again and again. "It is to spare Geoffrey to save him from the misery of losing me again—perhaps to save him from self destruction.

She knew the reaction must come, she knew she was mad, but no wavering came with the knowledge. The trial was too hard for her, she said, and she counted the hours that would bring her nearer to the fatal step she had determined upon, lest her resolution should waver. The sight of Cecil was misery to her, for she knew that the day might come when the boy would blush at his mother's name, and already she shrank from the gaze of his pure eyes. Geoffrey had gone up to London to settle everything, and was coming back in the evening—coming over to see her again as he had done the night before. But before then she had to see John Lawrell—she would not think of him as her husband—to tell him of the step she was about to take, and to force him to hold his tongue. She was going to sink to his level, to see him glance at her with scorn and hering perhaps to hear him steadily refuse to shield and threaten to defy rather than consent to save her so lower herself and him. She turned faint at the thought of it all, as she sat silent and moody in the red firelight before tea. Cecil lay on the rug, his fair head resting on her footstool, and his eyes fixed on the glowing coals suddenly he spoke:

"Mamma," he said gravely, "it's a great wonder I wasn't killed when I fell down into the hall. If I had been killed would be the mother of an angel now. Wouldn't that be beautiful"

No, my love," said the mother's voice was sharp with pain—"I would rather have you with me.

"But, persisted the child, "it would have made you so very good, because whenever you were going to say or do anything naughty you would stop and think 'No, I mustn't. Cecil would be ashamed of me up in heaven.' I think it would be best for me to die at once so as to keep you so very good.

Sibyl did not answer. Soon he would have to blush for his mother on earth. Cecil had risen, and kneeling before her, laid his arm on her lap.

"I don't think you will have to be changed one bit when you die," he went on thoughtfully, "for you never do wrong and you are so very pretty.

It seemed to Sibyl that the clear eyes of her boy were looking her through and through, reading the mask wicked influence that had been upon her for the last twenty hours, and she put him gently from her and covered her face with her hands, uttering a low moan of misery. Cecil, thinking her head ached, stroked her head softly saying. "Poor mamma," and then stole away to tell Mrs. Hughes to be quick with tea. When he returned his mother still sat as he had left her and unwilling to disturb her, he sat down once more on the rug, leaning against her knees. He little guessed the storm he had raised—the good work he had done—but the feeling of that little head resting against her and the sound of those words of his ringing in tears were troughton ing poor Sibyl in her hard fight as nothing else could have done.

When she lifted her white weary face from her hands, I was over—the burden was taken up, and would be carried brave ly, unflinchingly now. She shrank from the agony of the scene with Geoffrey which lay before her, but she felt that she could bear it—bear anything sooner than fall as she had nearly fallen. She drank her tea, though she could eat nothing. She listened to Cecil's prattle and answered him quietly. She heard his prayers as usual and tucked him up in his little bed, and then she went down stairs and waited for the sound of John Lawrell's footsteps on the garden walk. She could not cry—tears never came readily to her strong nature—only the dead dull aching at her heart told her of the blow that had fallen upon her. She looked at her white drawn face in the glass, and half smiled at the change from the happy blushing face it had reflected about this time on the preceding day. She would not need to speak to tell Geoffrey that she was not going to be his wife. He would discover it for himself. A soft tap on the window made her start violently. With a quick step she went out and faced her visitor.

"Come inside," she said, coldly. "I am alone, and we may be interrupted here."

No thank you," he returned. "I don't care to be seen, and who is to tell that you have not telegraphed to Scotland Yard about my whereabouts that you may be free of the expense of keeping me? I warn you I have a revolver in my pocket, and I'll shoot dead the first man who touches me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HABITS OF A GREAT ARTIST.

The famous French painter Messonier gives all his work to a middle-man. He is more useful to him than an hundred amateurs. The artist entrusts him with errands and letters for his friends. Messonier cannot touch a pen without making a drawing and almost all his letters are illustrated by delicious little designs. Messonier's attraction to a bit of paper is well known and certain people leave paper about on all their tables. One gentleman derived quite a little income from this source. After dinner they went into a room to chat and smoke. The painter almost unconsciously covered the leaves scattered about purposely with charming sketches. As soon as he was gone his host collected them carefully, and sold them afterward.

—Senator Catterton's nineteen-year-old daughter, who presides over his house-hold, is of commanding stature and fine appearance. She superintends the education of five brothers and sisters, attends State dinners and presides with dignity at the head of her father's table.

THE BRIDE'S HOME-COMING.

We live in dead men's houses.—Hawthorne.

Who planned that stone seat by the old mossed door,
Facing the daisy-starred meadow?
Who planned that was while as the Winter bore,
When it went down to the Valley of Shadow?

Who planted you rose tree, heavy with song,
Of glorious bud and blooming?
Fair hands that were folded long years ago
Over a stone cold bosom.

Who trod in the path past the old oak tree,
Down to the sweet-toned river?
Feet that now rest by the longest sea,
In the peace of God's Forever.

Who drank at the bucket that hangs from
you sweep,
Ruddy and moss and broken?
Lips that the roses and the violets keep,
Locked in a dreamless sleep-silent.

Who made the sweet song you are humming
so low,
With your eyes strayed down to the for
out?
One that was sequestered ages ago,
Singing out his heartache when sorest.

Who fashioned the heartstone where, sitting
long hours,
We shall taste our love's ripened complete-
One whose long story of hate and of blight,
Would poison for new home's sweetness?

Oh, my husband! I am too young, too
young,
To dwell where such death-damp fingers?
Setting the old-fashioned in all we see,
With tapestry wrought by dead fingers.

We tread in the path of by gone years,
We drink of the dead people's cup,
We eat of the bread of their toil,
Life is sweet with their songs, and salt with
their tears.
And rich with their souls' libations.

But love, sweetest wife, is evermore new
A child to the tireless, 'mid immortals,
A child to be still and forever.' With you
He enters to-day through these portals.

He enters to-day, and he goes out no more
Till we through the gloom and the glory
Pass on to the realms of the gone before.
And tell them our own love story.

Lucretia.

Two young girls were standing by the crossing waiting for an equipage to pass, drawn by a span of greys, who pranced along as though proud of their mounted harness and liveried coachman

Isn't it an elegant turnout? And to think that all that style is wasted on a cripple.

The speaker was a bright looking, but evidently thoughtless girl whose fancy was taken by show and glitter more than by more solid qualities.

Lucretia Armstrong's eyes had been fixed dreamily on a poor little child who had been sweeping the pavement, and whose thin hand was reaching out for a pittance. She put the coin into it as she answered—

I was not looking but, why do you say wasted on a cripple? Has he no mind or faculties to appreciate his blessing?"

"What a girl you are to catch one upon! Of course he has as good an intellect as any one, and he's all accounts, better than most but, having everything so elegant makes his infirmity the more conspicuous.

I don't see why—

The speaker paused abruptly, for here, at the very bookseller's where she was about to enter a carriage was drawn up and a gentleman was alighting from it helped by the footman, who gave him his crutch upon which he made his way in to the shop.

As he passed the friends he raised his hat to Kitty, and smiled pleasantly.

Lucretia's cheeks worked burning at the thought that they had been discussing his infirmities and she selected her paper in a hurried manner, afraid of the one thing she was well out of the place she said, carelessly—

I think that gentleman has the most interesting face I have ever seen. His eyes are superb—great luminous wells of thought. I wouldn't mind going on with him to own such a face as that

Kitty laughed.

Well Cree, you always were an odd little thing, and see you haven't outlived your little peculiarities. Have you still your collection of maimed and exacting pets? I declare if it had been anybody but dear lovable Cree Armstrong who had turned herself into a nurse for animals we school girls would have cut you long ago. I suppose however the child is father of the man, or rather (in this case) woman, and we doubt you've kept up your practices since I left Gorton

Lucretia smiled as her friend rattled on but merely said—

I see you are the same Kitty—as much given to exaggeration as ever. But who is the gentleman? I see you know him

His name is Hall Bertram, Archer Charley is very fond of him, although a mere boy compared to him. Charlie has dobbies, you know, and Mr Bertram to so learned on nearly everything under the sun that if Charlie gets puzzled, all he has to do is to run out to Bertram's friend, and he's put straight in no time.

Kitty, how you run on! If everyone were like you poor Mr Bertram would be laid upon the shelf for sure he's fear

How can there for society, so he'd be no loser.

I'm to be envied for his indifference, then, as he values it in its true light.

Kitty turned and looked at Lucretia in a quizzical way from head to foot.

Really my dear if I did not see a pretty stylish young girl with my very own eyes, I should inditer out I was talking with an aged philosopher, who had outlived his youth. Lucretia —this was said with great impressiveness— you fully think I can do now?

Lucretia looked at him, but thinking by his expression that he was quizzing her, said indignantly—

I suppose you wish to classify my folly by some learned name. Search the records, lay all means and be sure to relieve my suspense in the morning

I will most assuredly do so

The low deep voice had an earnestness uncalled for by the occasion, Lucretia thought, and then dismissed the matter from her mind and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the drive.

According to promise, the next morning Mr Bertram called and asked for Miss Armstrong, and was returned Lucretia had taken her portfolio with her, and strolled off into the park that lay just behind the residence, and into which any of the family or their friends were at liberty to wander whenever they felt disposed.

Here seated on a small mound, evidently lost in thought, he found Lucretia, and, before she was fairly aware of his presence, he had thrown himself down at her feet, and pronounced her name

She looked up with a start, and then, observing that his face was very pale, she cried—

"Are you not well, Mr. Bertram? Can I do anything for you?"

He gave a sudden start as she spoke, and his face lost its pallor in an agitated rush of color

"Yes, Miss Armstrong, you can if you will. Will you forgive me if I ask you to listen to me while I tell you my motive in coming here this morning?"

Lucretia, in silent wonder at his agitation, settled herself to listen to what he might have to say.

"Miss Armstrong—Lucretia—you see before you a man who seemed at one time to have been selected for fortune's favorite. Wealth, kind friends and health, joined to an unblemished physique, were mine until the accident occurred which made me a cripple. Until very lately I have been contented, notwithstanding my misfortune, although I had given up all thought of ever being other than I am—a lonely bachelor But I have fallen under a new influence, that of love, and it rests with you to say whether my future is to be happy or miserable."

His meaning by this time, began to dawn upon Lucretia

She rose abruptly

"No hear me through"

As he spoke he took her hand gently, and said—

"Please sit down, and be your own quiet, kind self until I finish my story. Even if you will be compelled to check the overpowering passion which fills mine with your sweet image to the exclusion of all other thoughts and feelings. I know I am not a fitting lover to offer him self—"

Lucretia put out her hand with an imperative gesture—

"Do not say that! It is not so! Any girl might be proud of such an offer

"Then you will say Yes!" broke in the eager lover "You will be my wife?"

This is so sudden. I had not once thought of you in that light," was the hesitating reply

"Tell me truly. Does this pitiful lameness lessen my chances of gaining your love?"

"No, oh, no!" she answered, earnestly "If anything, I should think you better for thinking how much suffering you must have gone through before reaching your present state of noble resignation."

I had not been resigned until of late; so you must not give me credit for virtues I do not possess. But, bless my misfortune, after all, but you have said, and bless Miss Kitty for giving me such an insight into my love's tender little heart! I should never have had the courage to offer myself to you. Miss Lucretia, had I not heard that you had a *penchant* for the maimed. On the strength of that intelligence I spoke. But you must give me an answer Is it 'Yes,' or 'No?'"

Judging from his beaming face he was not much in doubt as to which it was. But Lucretia said softly—

"I will tell you to-morrow.

"Well I must be content to wait. You can do me one favor, though, at once Give me one look full into those shy eyes I have never yet been able to decide upon their color. Those white lids have always had a fancy of hiding them, when I have most wished to read their kindly story.

Lucretia flushed so that her pretty face looked like a blush rose, but she obeyed her lover, and, as she met his clear, truthful, compelling eyes, the knowledge dawned upon her that she had nothing to wait until the morrow—that she loved him with her whole heart

He read the answer at once in their shy, timid glance, and, drawing her to him, murmured—

"Thank God for this! His most precious gift! Life will be too short to prove how much I love my darling girl—my promised wife."

FEMININITIES.

The Pope has written an autograph letter to Queen Victoria, thanking her for permitting the establishment of the Scotch hierarchy

Susan B Anthony, of Rochester, was recently elected constable in Colorado. The ladies will be contested on the ground of non residence.

His Choice —Young lady. "Oh, I'm so glad you like birds? Which kind do you admire most?" Old gentleman. "Well, I think I'd choose with plenty of stuffing is about as nice as any."

Mrs Charlotte Smith is the president of the Island Club, of Chicago, a society com posed of women journalists, for the purpose of encouraging and promoting the profession of journalism among women.

They were all dining together and he remarked that he supposed she was fond of etymology. She said she was, but she was not very well, and the doctor told her not to eat anything for dessert, except oranges.

An old lady wishing to make a clergyman understand that she was deaf as he was coming in the door, and opening it exclaimed, "Well, how glad I am, for here are my spectacles which I lost three years ago."

Very Cool—Miss Rose. "Goodness! the fire is out. I thought it very cold." Lover. "Shall I get my overcoat and put it on you?" Miss Rose. "No, no (glancing at the clock) hadn't you better put it on yourself?"

A middlesome old woman was sneering at a young mother's awkwardness with her infant, and said "I declare a woman never ought to have a baby unless she knows how to handle it." "Nor a tongue, either," quietly responded the young mother.

Mrs. Fremont says that when she went to San Francisco, in 49, visits in the day time were held as a marked attention. She was told that "time was worth $50 a minute, and that she must hold as a great compliment the brief visits made to her during the day.

The Fire as an Example —Aunt Emily. Why, Nellie, don't you know it is unkind to catch hold of your sister and pull her hair?" Nellie. "Well, auntie, I saw Reading Cousin Frank round the neck quite tightly yesterday, when mamma was out, and pulling his hair, and he didn't say a word."

The shop girls in the dry goods stores don't get much salary, but they have no end of diversion in waiting customers from one counter to another before they get the article they inquire for. They have got the sport reduced to a system, and a lady in search of buttons, thread, or what not, generally scores about a dozen runs before the close of the game.

The Famine in India —The famine in India has quadrupled the death rate in the city of Madras. The death rate in July was 1,150 weekly. During the week ending August 17th, 1,031,000 persons were receiving relief in the Madras presidency. In thirteen affected districts the annual death rate in the week was equal to 483 per 1,000, signifying that if this rate continued for a year scarcely more than half the population would survive.

Glitter.

Simon had done a very foolish thing before taking his degree as doctor of medicine. He had fallen in love with a pretty girl, as poor as himself, and made her his wife, so that, when he came forth to commence the battle of life, he had something more than himself to look out for. In fact, he found himself with quite a family on his hands.

His wife had two younger sisters—they were all orphans—and these sisters could not leave the dear girl who had been their guide and stay. It came hard upon poor Simon, but he put a bold face upon the matter and determined to do his best.

In their suite of small, humble apartments Simon sat down with his wife Kate, and her sisters Lizzie and Mary, to plan for the campaign to come.

Kate was nineteen years old, Lizzie was seventeen, and Mary fifteen. They were bright, smart girls, and, if they promised nothing else, they did promise to make Simon's home sunny and cheerful with smiles and song. But they were to do more than this, as we shall see.

"Here we are," said Simon, "with the great world before us, and here is our situation. Thank Heaven, I am not in debt, but how long I shall be able to hold my head clear remains to be seen. *If* I find a place for settlement not more than thirty or forty miles away, I have just about money enough to get us there, and that is all. Upon my soul, I don't see how we are going to manage it I tell you, it is pretty close quarters, but I can survive it if you can.

"Have you thought of a place yet?" asked his wife.

"No," he answered, "but I have a fancy for one of the old boroughs—either north, west, or south.

"That will do," said Kate. "We are not known, and may do very well. Be sure you find a pretty cottage, with a convenient stable attached, which you can hire for a year without paying anything down You can tell how your money is locked up, and all that sort of thing; and leave us girls to do the rest."

Simon looked at his wife in surprise.

"Hire a whole house!" he cried.

"Aye—and a pretty one, too," added Kate.

"And a stable!"

"Yes."

"Goodness mercy! what shall I do with a stable?"

"We girls want it, and must have it. Now look ye, Simon—I think I have heard you say that you were not afraid to stand by the side of any man in surgery, and that you had made yourself master of the symptoms of disease, and of proper remedies?"

"Without boasting," returned Simon, "I may say that such is the fact, I have that reputation in the hospital where I have spent the greater part of my last year in downright practice. You know I have filled the place of one of the attending surgeons, who has been away on sick leave. It was my successful removal by amputation of the entire left inferior maxillary—just a half of the whole lower jaw—that gave me my first hold into favor. Since that I have performed far more difficult operations. But I was only a student, the patients poor, and no pay came to me."

"But we'll make it pay," said Kate. "Just you go and select your place. Find a place if you can, where there is no young doctor—where one or two old fogies have grown fat, and are still throwing work into the hands of the sexton. Such places are to be found."

Simon knew it very well.

And one thing more," added Kate. "Be sure that you find one of those old towns in which there is a goodly element of aristocracy. Their purses are deep, and for such we will spread our net. Now don't ask any questions, but go and do as we tell you."

Somehow Simon allowed himself to put faith in those three sprightly girls, and as soon as he could get away, he proceeded to examine the country around.

Suffice to say, that at the end of a week he had pitched upon the good old town of Otborough.

Here Simon found a beautiful cottage, with stable and garden. He was welcome to go into the house when he pleased—the sooner the better—and he could pay his rent when he could make it convenient.

In this town of Otborough were two old physicians. They were white-haired veterans, with unshaken faith in the lancet, and in calomel, and the sick-room of one of their patients was like a laboratory. It would make a lady and even gay faint and sick to remain in that room five minutes. But they were of the old stock, of the starch old blue blood, and representatives of a long line of loyal partizans.

All this Simon wrote to his wife as soon as he had discovered it, and when he finally returned he found that the girls had not been idle.

They had an elder sister who had married a man whose business required the use of many horses, and of him they had engaged two horses for the season, with a very pretty gig and a light chaise.

From an old widowed aunt they had borrowed something which filled three goodly sized, old fashioned chests. What was in them they would not tell

"Goodness gracious!" cried Simon, when he found that another mouth had been added to the mess for which he was to provide. "I think you must be crazy"

They had called in their cousin Peter, son of the uncle who owned the horses—a lad of fifteen—to get and live with them, for a few months at least.

But Kate put her finger upon Simon's lips, and bade him hold his tongue.

We need not tell of the removal

Suffice it to say that, with the assistance of friends, Kate had obtained a lot of good and pretty furniture on credit, and when they reached Otborough they were all ready for housekeeping—all ready save the one need of patients.

Here was the pinch.

The butcher, the grocer, the milkman and the fishman must be paid at least monthly, and it would be suicidal for the young physician to run in debt in Otborough, but Kate told him not to fear

"We can live on very little," she said, "until we get established.

By and by Simon saw the three large chests opened, and he looked very much astonished when he beheld their contents.

Quaint old silver ware, massive, pure and bright; china and porcelain of rarest and most exquisite pattern, decanters, goblets, glasses, and fruit dishes of brilliant, Bohemian glass

"In the name of all that is wonderful—"

Thus far went Simon, and then Kate closed his lips.

"You shall see," she said, "and, while we are fixing up, do you have Peter harness one of the horses to the gig, and do you take your medicine cases and drive off. Drive as though you were on a matter of life or death."

Simon went as directed

He returned at dinner-time.

In the dining-room, leading out from the sitting room by folding-doors, the large mahogany table was set, with its cloth of snowy damask, and decked down with its wealth of silver and cut glass.

The castors were filled with oil, pepper, mustard and vinegar.

There was wine in the decanters upon the side board, and the dining-chairs were set.

Kate was arrayed in silk, while Lizzie and Mary appeared in neat calico dresses, acting the part of well trained servants to perfection

At the stable Simon had found Peter, in a regular jockey garb, ready to take care of the horse.

"Are you hungry?" asked Kate.

"Aye, verily," answered Simon.

"Then come this way to the feast. It is prepared."

And she led the way to a little room set off from the kitchen, where no paying eye could reach them.

In that retired nook was set a little pine table, with a plain cloth, and for food there was simply bread and cheese—nothing more, nothing less.

Simon looked at the twinkle of his wife's eyes, and he began to comprehend.

Aye, he saw through the whole thing, and what is more, he entered into it with zest.

"Zounds!" he cried, "I don't see why this thing shouldn't work. The nabobs of the town are just the ones to be gulled by the show we can make—the men and women both. Kate, Lizzie, Mary, Peter, you are bricks—perfect bricks—and long may you wave. I understand you now, and I will do my share, depend upon it."

And then they sat down to the feast.

On the second day, when they had made three full meals, Kate reckoned up the cost for the five of them. The two horses in the stable did not bring the expense up to much above five shillings a day.

By the merest accident, people who came to see the doctor were allowed to blunder into the sitting-room. The folding doors had been carelessly left open by the servants! Goodness! what a sight of silver, china and cut-glass! It was only natural that the first visitor should tell the story with wondrous garniture of fancy and admiration.

And then to see those two horses on the move continually. Of course people saw, thought, and reasoned one with another. And then the two or three leading men to whom Doctor Digitorum had brought letters from great men, feeling their own importance in being honored by the notice of the magnates of their revered Alma Mater to receive credentials of the new doctor, and recognizing him as a child of the same University with themselves, they were not slow to sound forth all that the college president had said in his favor, but did not hesitate to add bright promises of their own.

Well, that gave Simon entrance into one or two of the first families.

As fortune would have it, his first case was that of a child of one of the very biggest and puffiest of the nabobs. The disease was scarlet fever—a disease which, in Otborough, had been regarded as al most surely fatal.

Dr Simon was called on a pinch. The village Whitehead was laid up with the gout. Simon carried the child through, not only successfully, but as easily and kindly, and so pleasantly, it was talked of; and well it might be.

Then came measles. Dr Fud had lost several cases. He pursued the old heroic courses, and the chances were that a grown man under his treatment with measles would die of brain fever in the end.

Dr. Simon lost not a case. And why should he, if he had only measles, unaccompanied with any other congenital ailment, to contend with? The very nature of measles is to gallop away at a swift pace, if you will only keep it from vitality, keep the pores of the skin open, and give them a chance to get out.

However, Dr. Simon Digitorum was set down as "one of our set." That he was of a "First Family" was very evident.

Within two weeks every man and woman in the village had taken a peep into that glittering dining room, and some of the more favored—specially among the women—those of the very highest class—had been permitted to lift and examine the rare old silver. And that it was silver, solid and honest, they well knew.

Certainly such a man was worthy.

And then how perfectly Kate played her part, and how respectfully and demurely she servants answered his little tinkling golden bell when the nabobs were present!

Well, Simon Digitorum was sure he had what the people really needed—a humane and reasonable method of treating disease.

His wife felt sure of the same thing. And so the glitter of the dining-room, and the glitter of the silver and glass-ware, as the steeds that bore them sped hither and thither, took the nabobs by storm. The were hooked and drawn in.

And though the glitter that caught the purse proud ones of Otborough in the first place was of a somewhat false nature, yet there was the true metal in reserve at bottom, and to day Simon and Kate, with sisters and cousins, can not only eat from silver all their own, but hundreds of families bless the day that brought the glitter ing doctor to their part of the country.

A STORY OF PRINCE BISMARCK.

In the Summer of 1842, when Bismarck was twenty eight years old, and a cavalry officer, he was standing one afternoon with some of his companions on a bridge, when his groom led his horse to the water to drink. Suddenly the horse lost footing, fell, and the groom disappeared. Bismarck immediately threw away his sword, tore off his uniform, and sprang into the river to save his servant. He caught him, but the frightened man clung to him with such a grip, that he also began to go to the bottom before he could get loose. Eventually he saved the groom. For this gallant deed he received the well known Prussian medal for saving life that one still sees, between so many other stars and orders, on his breast. He is very proud of this mark of honor, and once, when a distinguished diplomatist asked, with some sarcasm, the meaning of the simple decoration, which, at the time, was the only one he had, he answered quickly, "I am in the habit of saving people's lives sometimes!"

Ladies who use cosmetic to beautify the skin should always be very careful to use nothing but the very best preparations. Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" has been in use for over twenty years, during which time it has been used by over a million ladies, and in every instance given entire satisfaction. For beautifying the skin it is far superior to any preparation in the world. Sold at all druggists everywhere.

ADRIFT.

Drift, let it drift; the cords are snapped that
curbed it;
The rigid anchor holds that bark no more;
Th' impatient sails whose fluttering no din
turbed it,
No longer flap beside the sombre shore.
Out of the haven, toward the resistless
grave,
Gliding beyond the far bright ebbing bath it passed;
Still of some golden goal a-dreaming, dreaming,
O'er the wide deep that light bark drifts at
last.

Let it drift on, nor blast nor billow checking;
No whirlpool to engulf, no rock to break;
The sea's still prairie smooth for its bedecking,
The sky a blue pavillion for its sake.
On let it drift, the laughing mermaids weaving
Fantastic rings its devious course around;
And the gay sirens mocking its believing
With sweet, definitive certainties of sound.

Yet bright skies change; Hope's refluent tides
run widely,
And Fortune wrecks great wonders with
her wand.
So on some Wintry eve, while I am idly
Counting the waves on the sombre
strand,
Haply before me from the offing dashed
A helpless bark shall drift in shattered
state,
Its golden name, "The Mary," blurred and
faded,
Tangle and bitter brine its only freight.

THE CIRCASSIANS.

The Circassians, Tcherkesses, as they are called by the Russians, are a warlike race of men inhabiting the region of the Caucasus. As a people they adhere rigidly to the principles of Mohammedanism, their chiefs pursuing, ordinarily, no other business or recreation than war, pillage, and the subjugation of the chase. They live a lordly life, wander about, hold frequent carousals, and arrange freeboot ing and military excursions. Besides these chiefs or princes for rating or simply distinct ranks in the nation—nobles, common freemen, dependents, and slaves. The chose of common freemen make up the great mass of the people. They possess property, and enjoy the same political rights as the nobles, whose lands they cultivate and whose armies they form. Yet their lord has no right over their person, for in some cases they and their whole families leave him, on the other hand they may be sold as slaves for punishment, according to the previous verdict of a national assembly. The fifth class comprises the slaves, or those who have been made captive in war. These constitute the greater part of the wealth of their lords, and serve especially to increase their power. The resistance which the Circassians for more than half a century offered to the arms of Russia brought them into prominent notice; but with the capture of the prophet-chief of the Leghian tribe, Schamyl, in 1859, their power was greatly shattered, and, although several tribes still retained their independence, the territory was looked upon as virtually subjugated. Now, however, the struggle between the Turks and Russians has given the Circassians an opportunity to revenge old scores, and large numbers of them have joined the army of the Sultan, under whose flag they fight with vindictive fury.

When at home the Circassians usually dwell in villages, which, partly on account of the accumulation of filth, and partly from the inability of the inhabitants to build by their dwellings in case of attack, they from time to time desert. On such occasions the houses are burned, and the whole tribe, together with the household furniture, is carried off, and what can not be removed is burned. The locality which the migrating horde is then turned to the choice of a convenient site upon which to erect a new village. If the spot chosen for this purpose is not already supplied with water, they construct, with much ingenuity, a canal from the nearest rivulet. The houses are built contiguous to each other, in the form either of a circle or a square, and so that the interspace serves as a large common cattle yard, provided with only one gate, and protected on all sides by the circumjacent buildings. The dwelling of the chief, which is usually larger and roomier, and fitted up in such a manner as to afford to the occupants every desirable convenience, stands apart from the ground which is destined for the use of the common mass of people. Small solitary houses, or rather square rooms, are built here and there for the accommodation of visitors. These answer the purpose of public inns, which would indeed be a most unnecessary institution among people so hospitable that they will entertain with each other who shall entertain any stranger that comes among them. Occasionally there are erected in the open fields round huts of wicker work, containing a pit to be used as a place of retreat.

The Circassians are, upon the whole, a handsome race of men. In the higher classes especially they are usually of tall stature, thin, but Herculean in structure. They are very slender about the loins, and have small feet, but possess uncommon strength in the arms. Some of these characteristics are not produced, however, without artificial aid. Frequently the waist is compressed from infancy for the purpose of securing a greater thinness between the breast and loins. The unusual smallness of the feet is probably also due in some measure to the practice of forcing them into tight morocco slippers. The dress of the Circassians is picturesque, and calculated to set the form to advantage. That worn by the men is at once neat, light, and becoming. Above the lower part of it, which is made of a sort of light material, persons of distinction wear sometimes a short rich waistcoat, to supply, as it were, the place of armor. The upper dress, consisting either of cloth or strong woven stuff, is somewhat shorter than the under garment; the sleeves are slit open, and frequently lined with fur. The breeches are provided with knee straps, and the seams bound with narrow lace or embroidery, which the women manufacture very skillfully of gold and silver threads. The upper garment is regularly furnished with a small embroidered pocket on the side of the breast, containing cartridges. The whiskers are suffered to grow, and on the head, which is shorn in the Polish fashion, there is worn an embroidered cap, the remarkable head-covering is quilted with cotton, the pattern shaped like the crosses in a modern Maltese cross. The middle part it is profusely ornamented with gold and silver lace.

When a prince or Uaden pays a visit in full dress he arrays himself in all his accoutrements and coat of arms, with sometimes also an additional jacket of fine mail. These coats of mail are manufactured of polished steel rings, and imported from Persia, and also from Kutiesha, by the tribes of the Caucasus. The helmet and the arm plates, from the former of which there sometimes depends a mass of ringlets, are made of polished steel. In the girdle a dagger and pistol are usually worn, while the bow and quiver are fastened about the loins by straps. In common visits the coat of mail is worn under the upper dress, the head is covered with an ordinary cap, and the only weapon used is a sabre. Without this sabre persons of rank and wealth never leave their houses, nor do they venture beyond the limits of the village without being completely armayed, and having their breast pockets supplied with ball cartridges. When persons of the lower class do not carry a sabre or other arms, they provide themselves with a long staff, on one end of which is fixed a large iron head, and on the other a sharp iron spike about eighteen inches in length. This sort of dart they are very expert in throwing. The Circassians usually show but very little sense in adapting their costumes to the weather. Even in Summer they will wear their long shaggy felt cloaks, seemingly unconscious of the extra heat induced by such an unnecessary amount of clothing. The only difference shown in Winter is that, instead of allowing these garments to hang from the shoulders, they are wrapped around the body.

The manner of living among the Circassians is very simple. The families assemble to partake of a common meal, which is usually prepared from a single article of food. Here, as among the Tartars, each village is reckoned at a certain number of kettles. Of meat they consume very little. Wheaten bread is either the flesh of game, in which the country abounds, beef or mutton, or what is said to be a favorite dish—the flesh of the young horse; together with this they make use of a paste made of millet, or of thin cakes of barley meal baked upon the hearth. These are always eaten fresh. The usual drink is water, or beer made from fermented millet or mare's milk. From the latter a kind of spirit is distilled, as among most of the Tartar tribes. The Circassians do not generally affect stated hours either for eating or sleeping, but indulge in these sources of refreshment irregularly, as convenience or inclination suggests. When the men make excursions into an enemy's country, they will even pass several days and nights successively without sleeping, displaying the same kind of physical endurance as that practiced by our own Indians when on the war-path. On their return, however, they will give themselves up to such indulgence, and make up for all the time lost.

NEEDLEWORK.

"As ladies wont
To finger the needle and ply the tapestry."
—FANNIE QUEEN.

No art is so widely diffused, or so variously applied, as needlework.

From the South Sea Islander, who sews together the skins of wild animals with needles of fish bone, to the refined lady, whose delicate embroidery is a marvel of skill and taste, there is scarcely a woman in the world who cannot make more or less use of a needle.

In feudal times needlework was considered the occupation of the highest classes. The chatelaine of the castle sat in the inner hall, surrounded by her maidens, many of whom were of rank little inferior to her own, but whose parents sent them to learn the use of arms under her appointed lack of spanning, or weaving, or embroidery, and the lady kept strict watch that the tasks were completed in a suitable manner.

The Oriental nations are particularly skilled in various kinds of embroidery. We read in The Old Testament of the hangings of the abernacle being made of "blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen of needlework." The description of a virtuous woman, in the Proverbs, "who layeth her hands to the spindle and clotheth herself in tapestry," and that of the king's daughter in the Psalms, who "shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework," all plainly show how much the art was appreciated amongst the Jews. The Chinese and Japanese are famous for their embroidery in gold and silks on various materials; satin, crape, and undyed silk are the principal; the full dress of the emperor and their courts are massed of gold embroidery. The East Indians execute very beautiful embroidery with cotton on muslin of cobweb texture. They also embroider in gold and silver the beautiful Delhi shawls and Deccan muslins. The Persians, Circassians, and Turks all excel in embroidery.

Both needlework and embroidery were highly esteemed by the ancient Greeks, and we read how Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom, though she can scarcely be said to have encouraged the art, took it under her especial patronage, and dire was the punishment inflicted upon Arachne, who dared to rival the goddess in her favorite pursuit

"Arachne once, as poets tell,
A goddess at her art defied:
But soon the daring mortal fell
The hapless victim of her pride."

In Homer, and other early authors, we have constant mention of vails and networks of gold, as well as of embroidered garments, while the outer tunics of the Egyptian robes of state, as depicted on the tombs, appear fashioned of a looped network, or crochet, worked around the hem in patterns of gold, silver and divers colors, realizing the saying of Isaiah, "They that work in fine flax, and weave networks." It was, doubtless, from the Egyptians that the Israelites learned the art. But nations far removed from civilization were by no means ignorant of this handicraft, as the discovery of gold needles in the Scandinavian tumuli can testify.

In Anglo-Saxon times royal and noble ladies applied their needles for the adornment of the church, and great St. Dunstan himself designed patterns to be executed by their hands. Edelgitha, queen of Edward the Confessor, was, says an ancient writer, "perfect mistress of the needle. Matilda, queen of William the Conqueror, assisted by her maidens, worked the famous Bayeux tapestry, which is still to be seen in the Town Hall of that city. To come down to later times, Katherine of Arragon, it is said,

"Her days did pass
Working with the needle curiously."

And it is recorded that when Wolsey with the Papal legate, Campegio, begged an audience of Queen Katherine, they found her at work with her maids, like Penelope of old, and she came to them with a skein of red silk about her neck. Queen Mary Tudor is recorded to have followed the example of her pious mother. No one would suspect the Virgin Queen of sobbing herself with the charms of the needle, but every woman had to make one shirt in her lifetime, and the "Lady Elizabeth's Grace," on the second anniversary of Prince Edward's birth, then only six years of age, presented her brother with a cambric smock wrought by her own royal hands. The works of Mary Queen of Scots are too well known to require notice.

The gay Queen of Charles I., followed by the consorts of the younger Stuarts, wrought a change in the simple habits of their royal predecessors, for when Queen Mary, in her Dutch simplicity, sat for hours knotting fringes for favorite cushions, Bishop Burnet, her biographer, adds: "It was a strange thing to see a queen sew so many hours altogether day and her homely habits formed a never-ending subject for the wit of Sir Charles Sedley.

Needle-work was the daily employment of the convent. In the turbulent times of the Middle Ages the knowledge of embroidery and lacemaking was preserved in the religious houses, hence it was termed "nun's work."

From the middle of the last century, or rather from the French Revolution, the more artistic style of needlework and embroidery fell into decadence, but, strange to say, two of the greatest generals of the Republic—Hoche and Moreau—added to their pay by embroidering satin waistcoats, long after they had entered the military service.

We may look on the art as almost at an end. Plain work, which used to occupy so much leisure time, is now done by a sewing of which was so very ill-paid when done by a seamstress as to call forth Hood's pathetic "Song of the Shirt," is now done by toil converted into a pleasure by the invention of the sewing machine. On the other hand, locomotion and cheap travel ing have rendered the out-door exercise of women so much less stay at home, they have little time for the homely employment of their ancestors. We can in truth say, with the Prophet Daniel, of the present generation, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

A SOLDIER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Field Marshal Count Wrangel had a sort of grim, coarse humor, which people rather enjoyed after he became so old that it could no longer be construed into the exercise of regular liberties. But in his earlier days it never spared even the most sacred feelings of domestic affection. The following characteristic incident is generally known. The General was a native of Stettin, where in 1848 his family lived. Simultaneously with the troubles in Berlin occurred also an outbreak in Stettin; the populace seized among other hostages for Wrangel's good conduct their host's wife, and notified him that if he entered the capital with his troops they would shoot her. This threat had no effect on the rough old fellow. At the appointed time he rode through the Brandenburg gate at the head of his soldiers, and down Unter der Linden to the scene of trouble. His work was done without hesitation, and even with enthusiasm, and no one dared remind him of his imperilled wife. Some days afterward the news came that the threat had not been executed, and that the tender hostage had been released. Then a staff officer asked Wrangel if he had not been anxious for his wife as he rode through the Brandenburg gate. "No, oh, no," said the General, "I never had any confidence in those Stettin people!"

This is one instance of Wrangel's Spartan fortitude. Another is more tragical. He had a son, a young officer, who led a fast life and got into debt. This is a grave offence against military discipline, and in the views Wrangel entertained of life on a Bucks county farm, as he found it during an apprenticeship of two years in his father's house, to hold debts over 224 pages of a very neatly bound book, quarto size, price, $1.00. It is illustrated with like neatness.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson, of this city, sends us "The Red Hill Tragedy," a novel by Mrs. Emma E. Jones, of Southworth, and published by Messrs. Peterson. This is a work written in the usual masterly manner of this celebrated authoress, and full of thrilling and dramatic effect. The volume is issued in uniform style with "That Girl of Mine," and its price is but fifty cents; paper cover, 200 pages.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, send us "Reminiscences and Anecdotes of Daniel Webster, by Peter Harvey," just issued by that firm. It contains a full length sketch of Daniel Webster in fisherman's costume, by Ames, a portrait of him at 22, pictures of his birth-place and library and of his statue in Central Park, and is a well written and intensely interesting work from every cover, full of piquant and new anecdotes of the great "Daniel," and sure to please and enchant the readers and admirers of Mr. Webster, whose name is legion. It is an octavo volume of 473 pages and is neatly bound.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, have published and send us two new novels, "Cherry Ripe," a romance by the author of "Comin thro the Rye," etc. and "The Season of Destiny, or Nina's Experience," by M. E. W. S. "Cherry Ripe" is an interesting romance of 155 pages and illustrated in the best style by Messrs. Darley, Hoppin, and Hoppin. "Sarcasm of Destiny" is a thoroughly original work by a new author and its 389 pages will certainly delight the reader. It is bound in cloth and in elegant style. For sale by Messrs Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger

Mr. Charles B. Cox, of St. Louis, has published a little volume called "An Inquiry into the teaching of the Holy Scriptures concerning Communication between Man and Spirits." The preface is written by Rev. W. R. Nicholson, D. D., and the introduction by Rev. James H. Brooks, D. D. This work is calculated to awaken much thought and possibly much debate on a vexed and interesting question. It is a neat book of 153 pages, bound in cloth, and gilt lettered on the corner "Spiritists in the Bible."

Messrs. Smith, English & Co., of this city, have the work for sale at the low price of 75 cents.

Mr. E. Steiger, of New York, has published an interesting and useful series of works on the German Kindergarten teaching, which is exciting a widening, so much attention in this country. Mr. Steiger sends us a number of Kindergarten tracts, each 8 to 12 octavo pages, each of which is full of information on the subject. One copy of each of these tracts will be sent gratis on application to the publisher. Mr. Steiger also sends us Nos 1, 2 and 3 of the Kindergarten Guide, an illustrated hand book, designed for the self-instruction of Kindergarten mothers and nurses, by Maria Kraus-Boelte and John Kraus. This work is also published by Mr. Steiger and issued in a very elegant form, especially illustrated, printed in fine type on neat paper and elegantly bound in cloth.

Messrs George W. Carleton & Co. of New York, have sent us a new publication of theirs called "Our Artist in Cuba, Peru, Spain and Algiers," by Geo. W. Carleton. There is a great deal of comic drawing and fun in this little paper covered book, which is 80 octavo pages, and surely no one who loves genuine humor will regret the purchase of one of these pocket books of merriment.

One of the most beautiful books particularly adapted for Christmas presents and at the same time ornamental and entertaining in the highest degree, apart from other associations, is a magnificent work issued by J. L. Sibole & Co., 109 South Fifteenth street, Philadelphia. It is a poem entitled, "The Gathering of the Lilies," by L. Clarkson, author of "Violets With Eyes of Blue," and beautifully illustrated by the author with colored plates, lithographic etchings, etc.

The description or a few of the art gems in this splendid production will be found entertaining. There are eight crayon drawings, on tinted ground, wherein wonderful little elves look out from under the shadow of their lilies, and each one, in a verse beneath, has something characteristic to say. The pert personality of "Tiny Little Toad Stools" is revealed by certain lines and etchings, which betray equal sauciness and ability to speak for themselves. But the four colored plates alone would give the palm to the collection as a gift book. The "Easter Lily," or Calla, is so exquisitely graceful in shape, and delicate in finish, that it looks like the spirit, rather than the portrait of the flower. One full page picture represents a phantom like head of the Saviour, framed in a wreath of Lilies of the Valley and thorns. A companion piece to this is a desolate picture of a group of Harebells huddled together in a snow storm; the frame being wild flowers, in strong, bright contrast to their white pendants—the Lilies. In contrast. Both pictures illustrate perfectly The title page is a study, both as a work of imagination and in the way the flowers and fairies are so effectively blended, that the whole forms a floating mass of color. It would be almost an endless work of praise, however, to speak of the pictures in detail, for each is a work of the highest art and expresses admirably the spirit of the accompanying poem.

"The Gathering of the Lilies" is elegantly printed on the finest toned paper, and is handsomely bound in cloth and in morocco, quarto size with gilt borders, edging, etc. Bound in cloth the price is $4.00, and in morocco $9.00. It may be obtained of the publishers at the above address.

THE MAGAZINES.

Blackwood's Magazine, published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., of New York, comes to us in its wonted venerable and welcome shape. Its contents are Fred, "Pauline," "Confidence," "Conference," being chapter XXXIII, of this work of fiction. Second, "The Irony of Life," being a thoughtful and scholarly dissertation upon the subject of verbal and practical irony in man and in nature. Third "The Helena of Euripides," is a critique of clever acumen upon this work of the Greek tragedian. Fourth. "Mine is Thine," Part IV chapters XI to XVI inclusive, the continuation of this serial. This chapter contains a ludicrous poem called "Ilay Hegg's Obeonic Shirt at 3s. 9d," which can hardly be called comic. Fifth American Diplomacy in the East, is a criticism of Mr. Eugene Schuyler's policy at Constantinople. It is written with a reproving judgment on the conduct of our Secretary of Legation while at Stamboul of course from a British stand point Sixth "The Khedive, Egypt, and our route to India." This is an attractive account of Egypt and its suborat. The writer looks with a jealous English eye upon the country, and is very English in act the philanthropist there in making the people better, but at the same time hints at the necessity of a protectorate being established over Egypt by England, in England's good Seventh "The New Army Warrant," discussing Mr. Trevelyan's scheme to give effect to the royal warrant for the abolishment of the army Eighth Translations from Heine, by Theodore Martin. These are all excellent. Ninth "Fenella," a tale in dialect in "Mein Kind wir waren Kinder," is capital. But there is no English translation that can give the humor, pathos, fine color and the music of the original Ninth "The Storm in the East, No. V." The continuation of the military views of the writer respecting the situation on the Danube, and a prophecy as to the result Altogether, this is an excellent number.

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences, for October, has been sent us by the publisher, Mr. Henry C. Lea, of this city. Its contents are most varied and interesting 1 The internal complications of acute erysipelas, by Dr J. M. Da Costa. 2 Thoughts relating to the prognosis and treatment of diphtheria. By Dr J. Lewis Smith. 3 Retinitis Apoplectica and embolic inflammation of the retina. By Dr Henry D. Noyes 4 Observations on choked disc following injuries to the head in children, with cases. By Dr Charles S. Bull 5 The functions of the cerebral lobes. By Dr B. Lauenbach 6. The anatomy of the brachial plexus, by Dr. J. P. Wahbe. 7 Fallacies of Brinsch's test for strychnia. By Dr Theodore G. Wormley 8 A contribution to the anatomy of the human retina. 9 Case of emphysematous cyst of the lung. By Dr Buckley 10. On Colotomy 11 The treatment of traumatic tetanus, by Dr. J. D. Roberts. 12 Spasm of the muscles supplied by the spinal accessory nerve, by Dr C. K. Mills 13. Sarcoma of inferior constrictor of the pharynx, etc., by Dr S. H Chapman 14 Strangulated ovarian hernia, by Dr G. H Balleray 15 Case of spinal hemiplegia, by Dr. Jones, M D 16 Case of multiple cysts, etc., by Dr Erskine Mason 17 Two new sutures, by Dr H. L. Thomas 18 Two cases of hysteric epilepsy, by Dr Allan McL. Hamilton. 19 Case of exudate of lymphatic cavities, by Dr E. B Chapin 20 Report of case of spontaneous closure, etc., by Dr K. V. R Lansdale 21 Transverse fracture of patella and fracture of skull, by Dr C. J. Osborne 22 Case of biliary abscess, by Dr D. Simmons. 24 A new rectal speculum, by Dr R. B Reed 24 Case of included foetation, by Dr W. J. Rogers. Review on bilion and an interesting quarterly summary of medical movements and discoveries in the medical sciences.

Everybody's Journal which has heretofore been published at intervals, will hereafter be issued regularly every month under the editorship of W. W. Snyder, Manager Advertising Department of John Wanamaker's extensive establishment thereby. The Journal is devoted to the interests of the young Americans all of the country, and contains a great deal of important and valuable matter. It is neatly printed on tinted paper, and is altogether an excellent specimen of journalism. The December number is embellished with a fine portrait and biography of Thomas A. Scott, Esq.

SHEET MUSIC.

From Messrs. S. T. Gordon & Son, New York we have the following pieces of sheet music "Danse des Gnomes," by Anthony Heidl Jr. a fairly difficult but very pretty polka movement in five flats. The Pirate's Cave March for the organ or piano, by Geoffrey W. Morgan, an easy and singable march in common time and very harmoniously chorded. "O Salutaris," for tenor and soprano, a very fine sacred song with a moderately difficult accompaniment. "Domine ex." Benedic Anima Mea" and "Benedictus," being Nos. 3, 4 and 5 of "Morning and Evening" in a collection of sacred music by H. P. Danks Each of these songs is a quartette very artistically written and not too difficult.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A BOOK FOR WOMEN.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND;

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Few men, and still fewer women would have had the courage to expose the errors of their own sex as Mrs. Moore has done in this story with such openness. And fewer still have the nice discernment which enables Mrs. Moore to distinguish the absurdities and incongruities from the graver errors of our social system, and to satirize the one while censuring the other.

But the author has a higher aim than merely to point out faults. Her object is to show how the faults of Agatha's character led to her difficulties, and to suggest and suggest of Patmetic attachments, to point out the serious consequences that may come from indulging in these perilous emotions. The author takes two ways to accomplish this end. In order to show the evils of flirtation, she gives examples of the vice in various stages, from an innocent coquetry and love of admiration to the most heartless and unprincipled flirtations. The characters are made to suit these various gradations. But in dealing with Platonic affection the author concentrates all her powers upon the character of Agatha Lee, in which she has drawn a picture, and developed a very remarkable psychological study.

Interwoven with "Miss Lee's" life, and in a manner are contrasted with it, is the sad experience of her dearest friend, "Middleton Grey." Nothing could be a wider contrast than between these two characters, and yet the author has so skillfully wrought them in the story that each serves to throw the other into the more life-like. Both have the merit of being character sketches quite new to fiction, and would have established their author's reputation. "Middleton" is as magnificent a study as is "Agatha," and in her unhappy life we have a dreadful illustration of what "marrying from pique may lead one to."

Among those prominent characters we have the little Scotch woman who they lived, and through this little ward, gathered from Boston, and New York and Philadelphia, Mrs. Moore has given us a picture of the most conspicuous follies of the time. In describing these lesser characters the author is particularly exact. She hits them off with a stroke of her pen. So true are they to nature that it may be said of them, as of Dan Kerry's creations, that we recognize their prototypes in our acquaintances. * * * *

It would be easy to select many instances where, under the rapid conversation or delicately suggesting individual, or local peculiarities, the author has given us a picture of the manners of the day, which will be a valuable record for the future. American society which she has so earnestly endeavored to ennoble is so justly in this book. The Evening Post.

"On Dangerous Ground" was written in the interest of the purest morality by a lady who thinks that the best moral training is that which teaches self-control, ability to resist evil and desire to do good, to fight and overcome temptation. The consciousness of writing from such a motive is a way to excite the interest of intelligent readers to worth something. Boston Daily Advertiser.

The "dangerous ground" which this book exposes is not merely certain of the platonic affection of which Agatha is the type, but that spirit of trifling with the sanctities of marriage and of the relations between the sexes which prevails to so alarming an extent, and which leads so frequently to the disruption and ruin of families. The various affairs of this kind which are described in the book are types of many of the sort which are carried on around us, and of which only too many instances are known to us. The author has made the story very interesting, and the lessons and the tales will be observations.

The pictures which the book gives of these kinds and scenes in our social life, while drawn with sufficient truth of coloring to enable us to understand clearly the nature of the evils and sins aimed at, are yet free from all appeals to a morbid and excited imagination. The instinct of womanly purity and refinement one sees in every page, and, as we read the author's vigorous delineations, we are made to feel nothing of that low, sensual interest which the writer seeks to incite and inspire. Albany Argus.

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SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 13, 1873

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Next week we shall issue a thoroughly attractive

CHRISTMAS NUMBER,

full of excellent reading matter especially adapted to the holiday season. The contributions will be from the pens of the ablest writers, and nothing will be neglected that can promote the intellectual pleasure of our readers during Yuletide. A prominent feature of the Christmas number will be a fine story called

THE BECKERTONS.

This story is from the pen of Mrs. Moore, the gifted authoress of that highly successful novel, "On Dangerous Ground," and will surely find great favor with all our readers.

The Beckertons, A Tale for Christmas," will be followed by the "Diamond Cross, or Hard Times," a story for the New Year.

These stories, published under the nom de plume of Clara Moreton, are now out of print, and by an arrangement with the authoress, we have secured the copyright. The following were among numerous notices of the volume given at the time of its publication in 1868:

"We can cordially and conscientiously commend these stories to all classes of readers. They inculcate excellent morals, and seem to be written quite as much to benefit as to interest the reader. While the authoress would remedy some of the evils of modern society, she does her part as reformer without any attempt at malicious satire, or displaying the least bit of ill nature. None of her characters are angels, but none are monsters.

Graphic and truthful pictures, drawn with a quick and observant eye and a discriminating judgment. They hold a mirror up to nature which reflects the virtues and the vices, the beauties and the defects of humanity, not only as they now exist, but as they will continue to exist until the tone of society shall become pure and healthy. They inculcate valuable lessons of warning and wisdom, spiared by that inner light which teaches that whatever principle is morally true and beautiful is imperishable.—*The Knickerbocker*.

In these days, when so much worthless literature is presented to the public, it is with much pleasure we announce the appearance of this volume of truthful sketches of everyday life. The majority of these tales have carried away prize after prize for their merits over numerous competitors.—

We have long been admirers of the genius of Cooper, Irving and Bryant, but it is only recently that we have been made acquainted with the weird and subtle efforts of Edgar A. Poe, the remarkable power of Hawthorne, and the ingenious heart picturings of Clara Moreton.—*London Daily News*.

STUDY OF HISTORY

It is an unfortunate fact that the majority of people, not only in this country but elsewhere also, look upon history as dry and tedious reading. The result is that it is avoided as much as possible, and when read at all is taken in the shape of some popular compendium, as unreliable as incomplete. As a rule, the general and imperfect knowledge of history obtained at school is made to serve for life, whilst a few individuals, who have a taste for biographical reading, gather some additional particulars that way. Men should reflect that the study of history is of all importance, and that without a proper knowledge of it their lives are contracted within a span. History extends the vision of the human race backwards and forwards. A man who has studied it thoroughly and intelligently, and kept its prominent facts in mind, is not the child of to-day or yesterday, but of all past time. A thousand years are in his sight but as one day, and one day as a thousand years. Such a man not only leads a larger life by reason of his knowledge, but he corrects his experience daily, hourly, almost every moment, by that of the ages which have preceded him. He lifts his feelings out of the ruts which selfishness and sensuality have created for them, and places them on a higher plane and in a clearer light. Great historians, like Gibbon, Hume, Macaulay, Grote and Niebuhr, with powers of assimilating facts, perceptions of relations, and memories that retained everything, have lived a hundred times the span of ordinary human existence. Methusaleh was to them an infant in swaddling clothes, for Methusaleh could hardly see more than the distance from his own time backwards to Noah. His range of vision was as narrow as his experience, and in his day that must necessarily have been contracted.

It will not do to read history by rote, to go through it in parrot fashion from a sense of duty or for the purpose of idly boasting of the reading. Such methods of procedure not only do no good, but are productive of absolute harm. History must be studied, reasoned upon, and thoroughly digested. The literature of the period of which it treats must be taken in connection with it, for it is the best guide to its drift and thought. What a wonderful light is thrown upon a long period of Greek history by the tragedies of Sophocles, Euripides and Æschylus, the comedies of Aristophanes, the "Dialogues" of Plato, and the writings of Xenophon. The latter stands as an age in an unerring indication of its character. The age of Augustus is associated with Cicero, Virgil, Ovid and Horace, and the drift of the golden era of Rome is best learned from their style and tone of thought. The France of Louis XIV was dignified by the presence and labors of Racine and Moliere, and the England of Elizabeth by the presence and labors of the immortal Shakspeare, who has illustrated faithfully in his plays nearly the whole period of British history extending from King John to Henry VIII., with glimpses of the earlier and more mythical ages. The student of history, who knows not the value of the current literature of any period with respect to its records, has studied to very small purpose indeed. In gleaning historical knowledge from the numerous biographies of eminent individuals, due care should be taken to sift out and cast aside all unimportant matter, and the trouble with biographies is that they contain much that is of no value to the general student, and are encumbered with a mass of anecdotes of particular persons, which, however amusing they may be, have little or no bearing upon actual his tory.

For an American who desires to properly enter upon a course of historical study, the order of progression should, of course, be from the history of the United States back to the origin and causes of the nation through the period of the Puritans and the English Revolution, to Normandy, Gaul and Rome, with a further extending of research into the history of Greece, Carthage, Troy, Egypt, including a brief glance at the chronicles of the Jews. There will, of necessity, be a diversion into the history of the Angles, the Saxons and the Danes, whilst the fierce Celt, cooped up in his mountain fastnesses, should not be overlooked. That history of the United States, which can be generally accepted and upheld as correct, has not been written, but the works of either Bancroft or Hildreth will answer very well for the purposes of the student. In European history there is an abundance of authority, the records of England, as given by Hume, Lingard, Macaulay and others, being unusually full and complete. In the field of ancient history are Gibbon, Merivale, Grote, Liddell and Dr. Smith. The story of France may be thoroughly learned from the pages of Anquetil, Dr. Smith, Thiers, Mignet, Poujoulat, Guizot and Louis Blanc. Germany can be studied in Coxe's "Austria," and Italy in Ranke's "Popes," whilst authorities on Spain, Russia and the northern nations of Europe are easily found. The fact is that in the case of every people and every land, there is no lack of proper material for the student of history to examine and ponder over. Zeal and industry on the part of the student are the principal requisites, and if these be forthcoming the rest is easily assured.

HUMOR OF THE BILLINGS SCHOOL.

When Richard Brinsley Sheridan conceived the character of Mrs. Malaprop and put it in his admirable comedy of The Rivals, he little thought that he was founding a school of humor that at a later day would reach an extraordinary degree of popularity and find many disciples and exponents, great and small. Until Sheridan brought Mrs. Malaprop to light, the idea of creating amusement by corrupting the English language, had never entered men's heads, or at least, had never been elaborated and even after the success of The Rivals many years elapsed before the new school of humbir assumed any thing like a permanent place. Some of the English novelists, it is true, attempted to get into it, but none of them ever did more than palpably and coarsely reproduce Mrs. Malaprop.

But after a time a race of funny men sprang up in the United States who seized on Sheridan's idea and amplified it, though they can scarcely be said to have improved upon it. Josh Billings and Artemus Ward were the pioneers of this race, but whilst Sheridan had contented himself with putting extravagant words into the mouth of Mrs. Malaprop, they depended for their effect upon a corruption of spelling. Artemus Ward, however, soon dropped out of the school, but Billings stuck to it like a brick, and was speedily joined by Petroleum V. Nasby and these twain in an incredibly short space filled the United States with a marvelous amount of the veriest nonsense imaginable. Billings and Nasby did not rise to the rank of dialect writers. They were mere corruptors of language.

These writers found hosts of imitators, more or less successful, and the slaughter of words grew absolutely fearful. After a while, however, the imitators dropped off, one by one, and Billings and Nasby were left in the full possession of their chosen field of usefulness. Sheridan had some excuse for the introduction of Mrs. Malaprop, for the character was intended as a satire on certain ignorant but pretentious ladies moving in high English society, and, besides, his work was artistic and clever. His imitators, Billings and Nasby, were but satirical, and their writings from the first were the reverse of artistic. That their miserable effusions have for so long been tolerated is a disgrace to this country. It is, therefore, a relief, if not a positive blessing, that the dialect writers, under the leadership of Bret Harte, have at last superseded them in popular estimation; but if all Billings and Nasby have ever written could be blotted out, the country would certainly be a large gainer.

The next number of the Post will contain twelve pages of choice family reading.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

Few people are aware that when they draw a long breath in consequence of a cut finger, barked shin, stubbed toe, or other casualty, they are applying Nature's best remedy for painlessness in such casualties. It is said that if any person at such times will draw breath deeply and quickly for the space of three minutes or less he will thereby lose acute sensibility to pain, so that he can endure a minor surgical operation without inconvenience.

A late report from a high official authority in England states there is an alarming increase of drunkenness in London, so much among women as men. In 1876 the police returns show that 4,480 women were committed to the Westminster Prison for drunkenness, and everyone of them had been repeatedly committed and punished for the same offense. Eighty per cent. of the general committals to English prisons are caused by drink. A report from the Governor of Antrim Jail was quoted showing that out of 10,000 committals to the prison for drunkenness within a given period, 8,000 were females and only 2,000 males. The ordinary New York gaze stated that out of 12 persons convicted of murder at the old Bailey in a year, only one case was unconnected with drunkenness. No question about it, drunkenness is the curse of England. You will see more examples of intoxication in one evening's walk in the back slums of London, than you will even find in New York in a month. Gin and whisky are as freely drunk in London as lager beer in Philadelphia, and the result is an augmentation of disease and crime appalling to contemplate. The increase of restaurants, gin palaces, cafes, bars, and all kind of spirit and all kind of spirits and wine stores is something enormous.

It would seem as if Quakerism is shortly doomed to utter extinction as a religion. The best statistics show that there are at present only 17,000 Quakers in England and Wales, while in 1,700 they numbered 60,000, and that their greatest losses took in the period of their greatest moral triumphs. Various causes have been ascribed for its decline, such as birthright membership—not an original principle of the system—which led to the wholesale admission of nominal members, either careless about religion or hostile to Quaker ideas and traditions, the system of disowning members for slight deviations from "the unwritten law" in such trifling matters as dress and language, but, more important still, for marrying outside the Friends, the silent meetings, which were very rare in the sect, and the absence of singing, and reading the scriptures in public.

The anti smoking crusaders do not appear to meet with much success in their efforts to lessen the habit, judging from the general run of tobacco statistics. These show that the practice was never more prevalent in this country than at the present time. The reports from other parts are likewise of the same character. In Spain—the El Dorado of the smoker—the quantity consumed increases yearly. A description of one factory in that country will suffice to show the spread of the custom. The great establishment at Seville, where segars, cigarettes, and snuff are made, belongs to the national government. The top floor is devoted to the manufacture of the segars, and 3,000 women are found at work there daily, while at the table on the lower floor, where the cigarettes only are made, there are 2,500 more women, mostly gypsies. There is a room where the youngest of the babies and the women are taken care of during working hours, although the majority have their children close by them, either in cradles, lying on mattresses, or strapped in chairs. There are many private concerns also throughout the country, each of which employs nearly as many hands.

James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the New York Herald, seems to glory in eccentricities, and is continually surprising the country by some singular and unexpected freak. His latest performance in a curious role is in maturing a plan for establishing a city in Middlesex county, N. J., about half way between New York and Trenton. He has bought 200 acres of unoccupied land, and intends to add 1,800 more adjoining, and guarantees a branch railroad to connect with the New Jersey Central road near South Amboy, thus furnishing a direct route to New York. The site of this proposed suburban paradise is proved merely a sandy barren, abounding in mosquitoes, but a lavish outlay of money may make the venture as great a success as A. T. Stewart's Garden City. Whatever may be said of the attempt, it is certainly a much more commendable way to spend money he has taken, to spend his immense wealth.

A King's Wedding Gift.—King Alfonso, of Spain, has ordered at Paris a casket by way of a betrothal present to his future wife, the Princess Mercedes. It is in lapis-lazuli, mounted on four lion's claws, sixteen inches high and thirty square, ornamented with garlands of golden roses, which are miracles of delicate workmanship. The hues of the flowers are all faithfully presented. The key is a golden rose full blown. The interior of the casket is lapis lazuli studded with tiny nails, diamond headed. The casket is intended to hold the lover's love-letters, but it goes to the Princess in the first place with but one note and a necklace of eight rows of pearls.

HOME CULTURE.

XXVI.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America.

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Had Mr. Cuttum said—"Well, it does not matter, for if we lead disinterested lives here we shall have the consciousness of the integrity of our motives, and learn how God makes all things (even slanders and sneers) work together for our good," he would have given expression to what Carlyle calls the highest wisdom that heaven has revealed to man.

As it is touch us sure by God's blessed will. Who turns even sin to work His purpose still.

It is worth some suffering to learn this great lesson of life, for when once learned, submission and endurance are made easy.

Sneers and ridicule have been called the weapons of small souls and silly minds, but it is well known that people who use ridicule as a weapon of assault are unable to coin mand powerful results for the time being, and to thwart the efforts of larger souls and nobler minds, which reminds one of what Ruskin says, writing of base criticism: "In all things, whatsoever, there is not, to my mind, a more sorrowful or wonderful matter of thought than the power of a fool. In the world's affairs there is no design so great or good but it will take twenty wise men to move it forward a few inches, and a single fool can stop it; there is no evil so great or terrible that a multitude of cool and sober sailors have taken means to avert it, a single fool will bring it down. Therefore, those who invest in workers of philanthropy must peer no sudden reforms, must not be frightened by sneers, confounded by ridicule, for the power of fools is not dead yet. Philanthropists sow the seed, and leave the harvest for another generation to reap. Fools can trample down the sprouting blades, and then the seeds must take their chance for another spring time. Happily, nothing can destroy their vitality. The truths of inspiration—and all truth is inspired—are mighty, and must prevail. The weak thing, even a little child, becomes a strong thing one day if it be a true thing, Carlyle tells us; but even were one sure that the seed sown was the result of all effort, there is that in the exercise and culture of one's powers that brings compensation with it. Those who would know the true enjoyment of life must learn that no pleasure can satisfy the mind as work does when the head and the heart are interested in it. All writing comes by the grace of God, and all doing and being, says Emerson. In these days, when it is said that the question asked of one another in the highest English society is, "Have you read ——?" that is, "Is your novel coming on?" one fancies that there must be a great many pages written that are not of the grace of God. The writer must have, with his spark of genius, the heart of love. If he would touch the heart of his readers, that love which is the fire of life, and before which even genius' spark grows pale."

"Thou must be true to thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach.
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflowing heart
To give the pen full speech."

SELF RESPECT

Snobbism is a disease which has eaten deeply into all degrees of English society, and is inherited by Americans. One of the most unfortunate results of such morbid value to outward distinctions than to the inner worth of the individual.—Gorowski's American and Europe.

"It makes no difference here whether an Englishman is a man of culture, or an ignoramus; whether he is well bred, or ill bred, whether he is common place, or a genius," said a lady at a watering place this summer. "If he is introduced into fashionable society by fashionable people, he receives just as much attention as if he were a savant." If this is a fact, what is the use of having an exclusive society? If the low bred, bad mannered and uncultivated are not excluded, who in the name of Fashion is to be excluded? Is society a hot-bed of fools, that it receives them with open arms as open as the other? Is money to be its passport, then, and only poverty excluded? Assuredly rather be the fool, and let those whose families antedate the Revolution, come into power again. Would that they would! We should see as much of a revolution in social life brought about, as was seen then in the life of our nation. "Pass in there, my dear gentleman, "how is it, that, after an absence of nearly twenty years, I come back to find only new people in contact (society with them, they act as a stimulus to others to improve their manners, thus and they are of some use in the world. "Why to him by whom offence come," says Scripture, and the woe does come sooner or later, to all who have no consideration for the feelings of others. The fools of the gods grind slowly, but they grind surely. In a world where love is at a premium, and where respect is not there is a pity to add your bad manners to the number of those who dislike you, and to give public evidence of those unsavory rather be ugly, four-cent wagon, in which papers Miss Emily Beale, daughter of the ex-Minister to Austria, Miss Cameron, daughter of Senator Don, a Russian attache in driving costume, who hated the Prussian, and another foreigner. The wagon is made of wood which is native to Austria. It is highly varnished, and as comfortable as the occupants could desire. It makes the nations state, and that is flattering to those who court notoriety. Of course the large family coach of the Peruvian Minister. There are three ladies and the Minister within, and they smilingly bow to their numerous acquaintances as they pass. The equipage of the Spanish Minister is elegant in all its appointments. The livveries are fresh-looking, and have a spice of blue grass extraction. Mme. Mantilla rides alone. She is always richly dressed, and her brilliant beauty is commented upon by every one who observes her leaning back among the luxurious cushions.

The British Minister's carriage is missed, for the family are still absent, and Sir Edward Thornton will return. He and his secretaries always join the throng who promenade. But few of our own people have what are termed swell turnouts. The Senators families generally have carriages, but Congressmen are content with hired vehicles, which do not compromise their dignity.

The families of the Judges of the Supreme Court own modest equipages, which look as solid and substantial as the bench from which they derive their honors. Alas for the glory of the Cabinet, which has departed!

Carrier Pigeons.

Carrier pigeons of good breed, it is noticed, although they may be started in company and bound for the same place, fly quite independently of each other. Each one selects its own course, some taking a higher, others a lower flight, and speeds on its way without taking any notice of its neighbors. The birds, in fact, seem to know that they are racing, and each one exerts itself to the utmost to arrive first at the goal. In the pigeon-houses of every pigeon house there are always certain places, trees, &c., which are usually favorite resorts of the birds, but when coming in in a race, the well-bred pigeon never stops for a moment at any of these haunts, but flies straight to his own particular home, frequently arriving there in as exhausted a state, as to be unable even to eat the food it is most fond of. Birds which are setting, or which have hatched young, are generally taken in preference to others for racing; but instances have been known in which carrier-pigeons of good breed which have been taken to a fresh home, and which have hatched young there, have deserted their brood and flown away to their original home at the first opportunity they had of escaping.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America.

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

highest society, anything like agreeable intercourse would be impossible; the very word "society" presupposes equality, for society is the intercourse of persons on a flowing or apparent equality; and the moment that persons are admitted into it who are not cultivated, who are bad-mannered, all enjoyment ceases for the well-bred, the highly cultivated. Where one's *amour propre* is wounded at every turn, and the perceptive quills of resentment are bristling on all sides, what can be expected in time but a community of—pardon, but the truth must be spoken, even if at one's own expense—what can be expected but a society of social hedgehogs? In circles where Mrs. Folly is toadied because of her "swell" dinners, and her epicurean suppers, and Mrs. Tankwell is banqueted because of her inability to give expensive entertainments, where Mr. Cuttum bows when he feels in the humor, and neglects to bow when he chooses; where young girls freeze their companions with cold heads of greeting, and still colder glances of recognition one day, and then, finding themselves where there is a scarcity of creation's lords, make use of the same acquaintances to relieve the awkwardness of isolation the next, what can be expected but a society of insane women, fools, and heartless, ill-bred young people. The question may be asked: "Is it possible that rudenesses are so common in good society?—that they are the rule instead of the exception?" The story of the lovable and the Shanghai cock, told by the late Mr. Charles Reade, and printed in one of his papers upon the impoliteness of our people, answers this question. "He doesn't crow all the time—perhaps he doesn't crow very often; but I never know when he will crow, and I am always afraid he is going to." Any young girl of sensibility who has once met with such an experience as that of the young debutante, will tremble thereafter in an almost craven fear of its repetal. She is afraid to show cordiality where she feels it, she can not reveal herself as she would, she moves under restraint, and all this repressal of the genuine good will and kindness of her heart tends to dwarf and stunt her moral growth. The lady to whom the debutante's remark was addressed, had been something of the most distinguished circles of the best society, both at home and abroad, and had had occasion to notice the peculiarities of the Lobred family everywhere; she was able to show the spirited girl how much more nobly, as well as wisely, she had acted in not resenting the conduct of the young lady, who had been haughty one day and familiar the next; for, if, as has been well said, the consciousness of being well dressed confers upon a woman that peace of mind which even religion may fail to give, so the returning of good for evil not only evinces nobleness of nature, but it be shows that consciousness of superiority which makes a woman feel at ease everywhere, and under all circumstances. She will pity Mrs. Folly quite too much to wish to resent her course in any way; she will look on Mr. Cuttum with a touch of scorn in her compassion that she will have to fight against in order to overcome; and, more than all, she will feel pity for the Miss Lobreds of society, who are wasting the golden opportunities of their youth. Now is the time for them to make the friends that some day they will want; and they could do it so easily, if they would only be as affable to all as they are to the Misses Folly; but if their manners to wards their young companions (of course not even the Miss Lobreds would show themselves so vulgar as to be wanting in respect and deference to their elders) are repelling, what will they gain? Only this, that their young acquaintances, who are equally ill-bred, will call them "snarly," "stuck-up," "vixenish," "prim as old maids," and say many other disagreeable things of them. Those who are well-bred, will call no names, but not even the charity that thinketh no evil can keep them from despising such conduct. However, even the Lobreds of society have a mission to fulfil. By showing how very disagreeable bad mannered people can make themselves, and how thoroughly uncomfortable they can cause all to feel who come in contact (society with them, they act as a stimulus to others to improve their manners, thus and they are of some use in the world. "Why to him by whom offence come," says Scripture, and the woe does come sooner or later, to all who have no consideration for the feelings of others. The fools of the gods grind slowly, but they grind surely. In a world where love is at a premium, and where respect is not there is a pity to add your bad manners to the number of those who dislike you, and to give public evidence of those unsavory rather be ugly, four-cent wagon, in which papers

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fine People and Fine Carriages in Washington.

General Grant always enjoyed a stroll after 3 o'clock. He never objected to getting out for his walk, or drive, which he preferred, if the weather was warm. Mrs. Grant and her daughter-in-law rarely walked. I don't think I ever saw Mrs. Grant exercising, except in her carriage. After her father's death she was frequently alone in her coach and four, as Nellie preferred her phaeton. The only four-in-hand now is a foreign looking yellow pine, no

Manners are not idle, but the fruit of noble nature and of royal mind.

They are the shadows of virtues, it is said, if not virtues themselves. One of the definitions already given of good manners is, the art of putting our associates at their ease; and all experience goes to show us, that the higher the station of life, when transmitted culture accompanies it, the more refined the politeness, as well as to equals and superiors. This is markedly so among the oldest nations of Europe. Much that is severe has been said lately of the bad manners of England's Queen, but it is not probable that those who make these complaints, have had the misfortune to meet only representatives of the English Lobred family? Those who judge the English by the manners of "commercial travelers," do the cultivated classes as much injustice as Americans suffer at the hands of a certain English author, who, writing upon the subject of good manners says: "To do in Rome as the Romans do" applies to every kind of society. At the same time, you can never be expected to commit a serious breach of manners because our neighbors do so. You can never be called on in America to spit about the room, simply because it is a national habit." The same writer tells us, "In America a man may go to a ball in white ducks."

Now, although insisting that *gentlemen* in America do not spit about the room, or go to balls in good society generally in white ducks, it must be admitted that white ducks are occasionally seen in ball-rooms at watering places, and that there is no bar-room do spit upon the floor; yet, as the class who indulge in "white ducks" are given to wearing straw hats with frock coats, they can hardly be taken as American authorities in dress, by anyone. To judge of the dress of American gentlemen by such equivocal positions, would be as unfair as to take the dress and manners of a shop-keeper, in England, for the English type of a gentlemen. The same writer says: "Insolence is so universal in America, that even in what is called good society you will meet with it." Evidently this English writer has been thrown while here with the Lobred type of society, and not be alone, for a lady writes from an obscure local watering place in Europe. "Last year at this time I was in Newport. This is but a shabby place when compared with that charming resort, but it has this advantage over its rival, nearly every man whom you meet is a gentleman."

Upon the same subject a foreign author thus expresses himself. "American young men rarely come up to the European standard. Their women frequently surpass our own; but to the masculine we take our revenge."

Vanity, ill-nature, want of sympathy, want of tact—these are some of the sources from which bad manners spring. Spite, envy, and ill-nature are other sources, and they are among the most expensive luxuries of life, if luxuries they are. None of us can afford to surround ourselves with the host of enemies we are sure to make by indulging in unmannerly habits. Good manners, like good words, cost nothing, and are worth everything. Sidney Smith attributes bad manners to a lack of that fine vision which sees little things, a want of that delicate touch which handles them, and of that fine sympathy which a superior moral organization always bestows. A well-mannered man is courteous to all sorts and conditions of men. He is respectful to his inferiors, as well as to his superiors. Canon Kingsley tells us that the love and admiration which Sir Sidney Smith won from every one, rich and poor, with whom he came in contact, seemed to arise from his treating rich and poor, his own servants, the noblemen who were his guests alike, courteously, considerately and kindly —so leaving a blessing and reaping a blessing wherever he went.

If kindliness of disposition be the essence of good manners the subject is seen at once to shade off into the great one of Christianity itself. It is from this source that the true gentleman, the great theologian, and the good Christian, spring. The letters of the apostle Paul as well as those of his fellow-laborers are full of sympathy and consideration for everyone's feeling, because he had learned from Him whose sympathy extended even to the greatest of sinners.

Lord Chesterfield said, "A man who does not solidly establish, and really deserve a character for truth, probity, good manners, and good morals, at three and twenty, at the world may impose, and shine like a meteor for a very short time, but will very soon vanish and be extinguished with contempt."

What sad degeneracy our times show, if such a state of things existed in the days of Chesterfield. In the closing lines of the same paragraph a truth is embodied which never changes in any age or in any society, viz: "People easily pardon in young men the common irregularities of the senses; but they do not forgive the least folly of the heart." Let the young remember this, and keep their hearts with all diligence; for out of them are the bases of life, and from them proceeds all that is evil, and all that is good, in manners, as well as in conduct. They who are naturally impulsive, should, as to themselves great injustice for want of that curb with which self-control can alone check impulsiveness, leading them to appear to be wanting in qualities which really exist in their characters, and which, if it were not for the injustice which they do themselves, would entitle them to the respect which they would otherwise merit. Even the child in his own spirit is greater than he who conquereth a city. A governess once complained to a guardian that his ward had not respect for, or feel any affection for her. The guardian replied, "If your pupil does not treat you with respect, it is simply a confession that you do not deserve it. Respect is not a thing that can be given or withheld at pleasure; if you gain her respect, you will also gain her affection." Upon further inquiries, the guardian found that the child was in a state of rebellion, from the fact that the governess had struck her across her knuckles, with a book vastly beneath the occasion, and, striking the book across the room, had ordered the child to pick it up. This the young girl refused to do, telling her governess that as she had thrown it, it might lie there until she had herself picked it up. The impulsive sense of the governess had caused her to forget the rights of her pupil, and to appear to be wanting in that self respect which leads those who possess it to respect the rights of others; while the less impulsive child was able to control any outward manifestation of anger afterwards, and to state her cause of grievance so clearly as to carry conviction with it.

THE SONG OF THE DANCE.

"It really seems the ambition of each fashionable woman to render herself more like a skin than that of any neighbor, besides exhibiting as large a portion of the roof-feed as can be done, without the privilege for raiment absolutely dropping off."—*The World*, January 31, 1897.

With arms a-waving of fanning herself,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A wallflower sat on a stiff-backed chair,
Wishing herself to bed.
Turn, twirl, and turn;
With hop, with glide and prance;
And still, she sighingly waved on that throng.
She muttered the "song of Dance."

"Dance, dance, dance,
Till I hear the milkman's cry;
Dance, dance, dance,
Till the sun is seen on high.
It's O to be a nigger,
Nor mind to clothe less feed,
If civilized folk will try, how little
They need their bodies conceal!

Dance, dance, dance,
Till the heat is horrid to bear;
Dance, dance, dance,
Till I long for a cushioned chair.
Waltz, gallop and waltz;
A Lancer, a stiry quadrille,
Till the whirl and the music make me done,
And dreaming I watch them still.

O men with wives and sisters,
Have ye no eyes to see
That the scanty dress of the ballet-girl
Ill your wives worn should be?
Twirl, turn and twirl!
Morality where art thou?
The dance and the dress of the stage—and worse—
Are those of the ballroom now!

But why do I talk of morality
Since Fashion its morals makes?
What fashion does is never wrong,
So purity never quakes.
For Purity only takes
Her sip of the cup that Fashion fills;
And we know that cup is made up of gold,
And that gold will cover a thousand ills.

Dance, dance, dance!
They never will stop, I appear;
And all in hopes that I wished for vow
May find in their foolish ear!
Alas, how the morn will show
The work of the midnight air;
And the paint will trace on many a face
The lone lines of hair!

Dance, dance, dance,
How sweetly they keep time,
As they dance, dance, dance,
In a measure quite sublime!
They waltz, waltz, waltz,
Keep time to the glorious band;
But, ah, there is many a blushing look,
And perspiration of mud in hand.

Thus wearied out with fanning herself,
With eyelids heavy and red,
This wallflower sat on a stiff-backed chair,
Wishing herself in bed.
While all were swinging with turn and twirl,
With hop and glide and prance,
She muttered this song to herself, and said,
"Alas, where is morality fled,
Since true is my 'Song of the Dance?'"

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

Lady Caraven was willing to go to Ravensholme—willing to go anywhere that the earl suggested. She had grown quite used to A new, strange feeling was stirring in her breast. It was love for her husband—love for the husband she had deserted.

She did not know it; she was simple, inexperienced, unused in all the ways of love. She knew nothing of the feeling that shielded its approach; she knew nothing of its pains, its torments, its pleasures; she knew nothing of the change it would make in her shape.

She remembered so distinctly when the first beating of her heart made her almost afraid of him. They had gone together to a fashionable ball. Lord Caraven was always scrupulously polite to his wife in public—never kind, never affectionate, but highly polite. He always led her to a seat, remaining on duty for a few minutes, holding her fan and her bouquet. She was the only one who ever heard his faint sigh of relief when the duty was over.

On this evening she had taken great pains with her dress. It was of the palest, prettiest shade of pink—"Tears of Roses," farmes dos roses, her milliner had called it—and the delicate tint improved her as nothing else could have done. With it she wore a superb parure of diamonds.

"Miladi is magnifique to-night!" said Amice, gayly. And Lady Caraven looked wistfully into the mirror.

She must have been blind not to see the startling loveliness therein. The low evening dress showed exquisitely modeled shoulders and a fair neck, white breast; there was a dainty bloom on the Southern face.

The noble, queenly head looked worthy of the diamond tiara; but no smile of content or satisfaction parted the crimson lips.

"I wish," she said, with a deep sigh—"oh, how I wish that I had golden hair! I wish that I could change it!"

"Why, my lady, you have the most beautiful hair in all the world!" cried the maid, who honestly believed it. "I have never seen hair so long, so shiny, so soft!"

"It is the wrong color," sighed Lady Caraven; "but, even if I could change my hair, my face would always be dark," and to herself she added: "He does not like dark eyes—he said so.

Many admiring eyes followed the young countess that evening.

"That will be one of the handsomest women in Europe," said a courtly ambassador, who spent quite as much time in arranging matters political. "I should like to see her again in two years' time—she will then be one of Titian's subjects just come out of its frame."

On this night, as on other occasions, the Earl treated prudently his young wife until he was released. Then their hostess came to speak to her, bringing with her the prettiest woman in the room, Madame de Comballe, a lovely young blonde, who was charmed with the English countess. She sat down by Hildred's side, and began talking in her quick, lively fashion.

"I have not seen your husband yet," said madame. "They tell me he is young and handsome."

Hildred's face flushed crimson; madame laughed good naturedly.

"You are shy," she said. "How droll! I should not blush if you praised my husband. It is all so different with you English—you marry for love, and blush for it afterward.

"There is my husband," said Hildred, quietly—"You can judge for yourself."

Madame looked in the direction indicated. She saw but for a few minutes, and then she said slowly:

"Rumor was right this time—he is very handsome and distinguished-looking. I admire him very much. My husband is sixty years old, and has white hair—see, he stands there, with a star on his breast."

On looking, Hildred saw an elderly man, very plain, very stout.

"How strange!" she said, impulsively. "He looks much older than you do."

"I hope so," returned madame, with a little laugh, "but it was an excellent marriage, an excellent arrangement—every one said so."

"An arrangement!" repeated Hildred—"what a strange word!"

"Why strange!" asked madame, frankly. "I had—as every one was pleased to say—a charming face and a perfect temper Monsieur had a large fortune and an ancient name. Could anything have been more equal?"

"But love," said the puzzled girl—"you say nothing of love, madame."

The lady laughed. Was there the least touch of bitterness, the slightest suspicion of pain, in that laugh—or was Hildred mistaken?

"Love! That is—pardon me—an English mistake. You marry for love in England, and it comes to the same thing; we marry in France because it is suitable. The end is the same so far as I can see. Your husband is certainly the handsomest man in the room to-night; you ought to be proud of him."

Madame went away to join the dancers, and Hildred looked long at her husband's face. It was undeniably handsome, but she fancied the expression was not one of happiness.

She was proud of him. He was cold and indifferent, yet he was her husband; he had chosen her from the whole world to be his wife. There were lovely women in the room—women of the type he admired, fair, with golden hair—women whom he had met and known before; he might have married one of these, but he had chosen her.

It was then that the first faint thrill of wifely love passed over her like the breath of a breeze—a wifely love, long her faint and trembling—that love that was to be strong as death—that was to leave all, dare all, conquer all—that was to crown her pure virginal womanhood—that was to tune her whole being to perfect harmony.

She had admired the earl, she had liked him, she had been puzzled by him, she had wondered at him; but this was the first time that she had cared for him. There came to her a sweet, sudden, sharp pain, a sudden gleam of happiness, a sensation that made her heart and her head whirl. Those words of Elaine's that had haunted her did not seem so strange now.

"I have gone mad—I love you—let me die."

She had thought them exaggerated before; she had wondered at them. She did not do so now. She felt that the same impulse was within her. She could understand something of it now, that sharp, sweet pain. There came to her mind the words of an old song:

"Love is bitter-sweet, they say."

Could it be that this same pain, grown all sweet, this same strange glamor, was what the poet meant when he said there was "nothing half so sweet in life as Love's young dream?" Did he, her husband, who never even looked toward that side of the room where she was—did he care for her after this fashion? No; if he did, he would talk to her. At that moment, if she had been asked what was her highest ideal of worldly bliss, she would have answered: "Talking to my husband."

She watched him. Where had she read these lines?

"His sunny hair
Clustered about his temples like a god's."

They described him well. She watched him. How courteous, how graceful he was! He was talking now to a duchess—how courtly and chivalrous was his manner to her!

"If he would but smile so when he speaks to me," she said to herself. "His imperious air always cold—no warmth or brightness ever comes into them for me!"

She could not help feeling proud of him. Do as she would, a sense of proprietor ship came over her. He might talk gayly and brightly to these ladies, but he was her husband. From all the world he had chosen her to marry her. He cared for no one else—that was certain.

In some way that she could scarcely understand, that night formed an epoch in her life. She found out then how much she admired her husband, and she had felt the first faint thrill of that love which was to be as her life. Life was never quite the same to her again.

Time passed on, with no change. The Earl lengthened his stay in Paris because some intimate friends came thither, and he in consequence was well amused, while Hildred shrank more and more from the great gay, heartless world. She grew in beauty every day; the change of scene, the clear brilliant atmosphere, the magnificence that surrounded her, all seemed to add to enveloping her. She was an unformed schoolgirl when Ulric Caraven first took her thither; she was a graceful, self-possessed woman of the world when he left. The regular features developed into wonderful beauty. The expression of her face was perhaps its greatest charm—it was one of expectation. The dark, lustrous eyes seemed to be always asking a question. The sad sweet lips were parted, as though she were about to speak. Lord Caraven was the only one near her who did not see and marvel at the change. It was a face now to arrest the attention of a poet or artist, passion and tenderness, subdued love, were all there.

There were times when Lord Caraven was startled at hearing people compliment him on the great beauty of his wife. He accepted all such compliments in a spirit of good humored toleration. It was very kind of course—he knew that she was merely an unformed schoolgirl still, if they liked to believe in her beauty he had no objection. He never looked at the girl's sweet face now if it was true.

September had almost passed when the Earl once more mentioned home. He asked his wife if she could tear herself from the dissipations of Paris. He wondered that she looked so bright at going away. He did not know what she was thinking of. Here, in this brilliant, sunny Paris, he had not shown any love for her; he had in fact hardly seen her—he had treated her as a perfect stranger. But it might be different in his own home—it might be different at Ravensmere, where he would be alone with her; he might learn to care for her then.

"You look pleased at the idea of going," he said briefly.

"I am pleased," she replied. "Are you not?"

"No. I like Ravensmere, but it is very dull. It is suitable for what people call lovers of nature—the scenery around it is among the finest in England, but I am always dull there."

"We must hope it will be different now," she said, timidly.

His thoughts she meant because of the increase in his prosperity. She meant because she would be there, and would try to amuse him.

"I do not know," he said. "I fancy it will be pretty much the same."

She turned away, wounded by his coldness. Long after every one else was asleep she remembered words that seemed to illustrate her fate:

"Alone awake—
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
My heart is breaking and my eyes are dim,
And I am all aweary of my life."

CHAPTER X

It was a chill evening at the end of October when the Earl and Countess of Caraven reached Ravensmere. No preparations had been made to receive or welcome them. There was no gathering of tenantry. The Earl's tenants simply detested the sound of his name. They had been heavily burdened, so taxed and tormented by the Earl's confidential agent, Mr. Blantyre, that they had no welcome left for his master. They considered him an unjust landlord, and they did not scruple to say so. There were no glad shouts of welcome for him; even the ragged village children had learned so often of the Earl's folly and neglect that they had no cheer for him when his carriage drove through the streets of Court Raven. Nor was there any warm welcome from the servants. They were most of them new ones; as the old retainers had died off or gone away, and the Earl had never replaced them. The house had become dilapidated, the servants were few, the stables empty.

It was all different now—John Blantyne had had *carte blanche*. The interior of the castle had been beautified, decorated, and refurnished; well-trained servants had been brought from London; the stables had been filled. There was a general air of prosperity about the place, so that the Earl hardly knew it again.

Did Lord Caraven miss the welcome? He had not expected it, and he disliked his tenants—that his servants seemed to have no interest in him? Did it strike him that a life of solitude, indulgence, must have told on him? Lady Caraven gazed with wonder at the magnificent home that was to be hers. The first words she said to her husband were:

"I had no idea that Ravensmere was so large."

He looked half incredulously at her.

"Did you not really feel interested enough in the place to ask about it?" he inquired.

"I was very much interested in it," she replied quietly, "but I never thought of asking any questions."

"I should have fancied that you would know all about it," he said—"the number of rooms and their contents. I am surprised that you do not."

She did not in the least understand the drift of his words. That he should ever fancy that she was unreasonably, that she wanted the full value for all the money she had brought him, never occurred to her.

It was but a sorry welcome home. The Earl felt humiliated, disgraced. He remembered to have heard his father speak of the pride and joy he had brought his young wife home—how that fair bride, his mother, had listened with tears in her eyes to the cheers and the cries of welcome—how she had clasped her husband's hand, saying, "We will deal with them as we wish Heaven to deal with us." Now he had brought his wife home, and not a cheer was raised for him; there was not a cry of welcome, not a smile. Strange voices greeted him, strange faces surrounded him. His wife looked sad and wistful. A brilliant fire was burning in all the rooms, while a chill gray fog hung like a pall without; but the bright fires and the bright light could not bring warmth to their reception.

They dined together in silence. Lord Caraven did not tell his wife what a comfort he felt it to see the family plate once more in use, how the room was slightly overwhelmed by the magnificence of every thing around. How little she dreamed that her fortune had preserved the grand old place from utter ruin—that but for her the massive plate, the beautiful pictures, even the old walls themselves, would have passed from the Caravens, and the family name would have been written in the dust!

Perhaps some such Thought occurred to him as he looked at the sweet face before him; perhaps that thought made him feel a little more kindly toward Hildred.

After all, she had saved him from ruin. He might think what he would of her—she had been given to him with her money in exchange for his title and position—her father was cunning, shrewd, and unscrupulary, unscrupulous and ambitious—but she had certainly saved him from the blackest ruin that could fall on mortal man. It made him feel a little more kindly toward her, but he did not love her—nothing was far her from his thoughts—still he remembered that but for her he would never have seen Ravensmere again.

He had given her the idea that she too was entitled to some consideration. He had told her father frankly enough that he should never like her, and he knew that he never should. But the money that she had brought him had saved him from ruin. He ought to study her comfort and befriend her. After dinner was over, instead of lingering over his claret, he joined her in the drawing room.

"I hope you like dining," he began, "that you would like to see the house—some of the rooms are very handsome, some of the pictures very fine."

"I should be very much pleased," she said gently.

"I have been thinking, too, that you ought to have your choice of rooms—my mother used a very beautiful suite in the western wing. You shall see them all and judge for yourself."

"I should not like them to be very far away from the rest of the household," she said.

"Do you believe in Ravensmere ghosts?" he asked, laughingly.

"I have never heard of them. But in a large house like this I should not care to feel that I was quite alone."

"You shall choose for yourself," he said briefly.

Perhaps the hour that followed was the happiest that Hildred had known since her marriage. At the first Mentrie, although he had been careful to show her every kindness, he had not thought of her or studied her. At Ravensmere it was quite different. He was with her, he began to watch him closely, and would make their own comments on his behavior, and, if they saw him forgetting the pains of digestion, appears at the posterior of the body, as a saccharine fluid, very much like honey, and in fact the honey dews found upon the leaves of plants. If the ants are near, as is usually the case, they immediately suck up the sweet liquor; if not, the aphis ejects it to a distance. When the aphis fails to yield up its honey, the ants beat it with their feelers, or antennæ the sides of the creature till the precious drop makes its appearance. In tropical countries they afford their nutriment in the same way. These aphides are taken possession of by colonies of ants, if their right of ownership is disputed they fight fiercely in its defense. A guard is established, and stationed to watch and protect the flocks and herds of a colony, in some cases a tent formed of decayed wood, made into a sort of *papier mache*, inverted over them, to protect them from the weather.

—A sweet girl ought not to attempt to arrange her hair with her back comb.

She had chosen her rooms in the western wing—rooms that opened on to a broad beautiful terrace—from the windows of which one saw pleasant glimpses of garden and distant landscape. The housekeeper Mrs. Hampton showed her over the whole suite. Lady Caraven preferred these.

"You will be lonely, my lady," she said "most of the Ladies Caraven have preferred the eastern wing."

Hildred thought to herself that there had never been another Lady Caraven like her. She had been married—so it seemed from the words her husband had just spoken—by proxy merely; she was not there because she was beloved by the master of the house, but simply as an appendage of her money. It mattered but little what rooms she chose; she did not at present even feel so much at home as did the servants in the house.

"Your ladyship has decided then on this suite?" said the housekeeper.

Lady Caraven did not even hear her, she was looking sadly round the rooms. How many years would this be her home? How many long weary hours of suspense and pain would she pass here? Would she soon tire of the gilded splendor? She would be always alone—her rooms always silent and desolate; no loving face would brighten them, no glad voices cheer them. Alone all her life! No wonder that she turned with a sigh from the flower scented terrace.

The housekeeper looked curiously at the young face with the sad sweet eyes.

"You have no children, my lady, upon these rooms?" she repeated.

"Yes," said the young Countess, "I prefer them to any other. And I will remain here now while my boxes are being unpacked. I will not go down again."

Mrs. Hampton thought her decision strange indeed; it was the young wife's first evening in her husband's home, yet she preferred remaining alone in her rooms while he was alone down stairs.

"Shall I take that message to the Earl?" she asked.

Lady Caraven looked up in some surprise.

"Oh, no!" she replied. "Lord Caraven will not expect me."

And the housekeeper, who was a shrewd woman in her way, thought that it seemed a strange kind of marriage where his lordship and wife preferred solitude to each other's society.

CHAPTER XI

"We have some visitors coming to-day," said the Earl of Caraven to his young wife. "The dinner will be an hour later, and rooms must be prepared. Sir Charles and Lady Courtenay live at some little distance—they will not arrive until late."

"Do you mean," she said, "that I am to arrange for your guests—for their wants and comfort?"

"What terribly straightforward questions you ask!" he replied laughingly. "You are sole mistress of the house—you must give all orders in it."

"I have not learned to think of myself yet as mistress of this house," she rejoined with proud composure.

"Then I must begin to, begin," he said. "You are indeed sole mistress of this house; every one in it is bound to obey you—every one in it is to be done."

"But," returned Hildred, "yesterday, when I went into the housekeeper's room, she did not seem inclined to submit to my authority at all. She said her keys were mislaid when I wanted to look over the linen press. I fancy that she thinks I am rather too young to hold much authority."

"I will soon settle that matter," said the Earl.

He rang the bell, and in answer to his summons a servant came. He sent for the housekeeper, who looked slightly troubled at the unexpected call.

"Mrs. Hampton," said the Earl sternly, "I have sent for you to say that every order given by Lady Caraven is to be at once heeded to instantly—that she is to be obeyed implicitly, as I am obeyed myself, that the least show of disrespect or disobedience will be punished by immediate dismissal. You will see that my commands are carried out."

"I will do so, my lord."

"You will go for the future to Lady Caraven for all your orders—you will take them only from her."

"Thank you, my lord," said the housekeeper, retiring with a sense of relief.

Hildred turned to her husband.

"And I thank you too," she said calmly "I should not have spoken but that I saw there was a disposition in the house to ignore my authority—I knew that you would not like that."

"Certainly not—you have done quite right," he told her—and a sudden sense of her youth overcame him—"never like it, I hope."

He quitted the breakfast room not quite satisfied with himself and not satisfied with her.

"Marriage is a mistake at the best of times," he said, "but marriage for money is the greatest mistake of all."

Evening came, and brought the expected guests—Sir Charles Courtenay, a young baronet who had but one idea, and that was love for his wife. Lady Alice Courtenay, who was pretty, lively, and accomplished. Hildred liked her at once. Her face was sunny and fair, her laughing eyes and sweet lips made every attractive picture. Hildred looked at her with something like envy. She was charmingly dressed, and had a bright expression of countenance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CATTLE OF THE ANTS.

One of the most curious things in the social economy of the ants is their relations with the *Aphides*. These little insects (familiarly known as rose lice) constitute the milch cattle of the ants. Wherever the aphides collect there the ants follow them. The aphis penetrates the tender bark of a twig, and by means of a proboscis, absorbs its sap; this, after undergoing the process of digestion, appears at the posterior of the body, as a saccharine fluid, very much like honey, and is the fact the honey dews found upon the leaves of plants. If the ants are near, as is usually the case, they immediately suck up the sweet liquor; if not, the aphis ejects it to a distance. When the aphis fails to yield up its honey, the ants beat it with their feelers, or antennæ the sides of the creature till the precious drop makes its appearance. In tropical countries they afford their nutriment in the same way. These aphides are taken possession of by colonies of ants, if their right of ownership is disputed they fight fiercely in its defense. A guard is established, and stationed to watch and protect the flocks and herds of a colony, in some cases a tent formed of decayed wood, made into a sort of *papier mache*, inverted over them, to protect them from the weather.

BOOK OF ORIGINS.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REID.

"In primus hominis est proprie
Veri inquisitio atque investigatio."
CICERO.

"The searching out and thorough investigation of truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

P.

[CONTINUED.]

PIPING HOT.

This expression is taken from the custom of a baker's blowing his pipe, or horn, in villages, to let the people know his bread is just drawn, and consequently "hot" and light.

PLATFORM.

The progress of this word is a matter of considerable interest. In Bailey's dictionary, edition 1736, it is defined to be a plan or drawing of a building or fortification; the lessons which supply—and also gives as a definition "any number of planks or other material forming a floor for any purpose." He also says, "In some of the New England States, a plan for the government of churches is called a platform." Cambridge Platform, the Saybrook Platform." In this sense, the word "platform" is to be understood, politically, as the code of government of a political party.

PLAY BILLS—PARTICULAR REGARDING.

"Do you have kept the play bills?"—1599.
Painted in play-bills upon every post."—1599.

In the earliest period of the stage, before the invention of printing, the announcement of the intention to exhibit theatrical performances was made by sound of trumpet, by certain persons called *recreditores*," on some day preceding the performance. The usual bills, giving information of the time, place, and nature of the representation, the play-is, however, of considerable antiquity. Nearly as old as the date of the first notice extant at Stationer's Hall of a license granted to one John Charlewood, *"for the only imprinting of all manner of bills for players."* Amen, in his Typographical Antiquities, at a later date states that James Roberts, who printed in quarto several of Shakspeare's plays, also "printed bills for players." The performances were not advertised in newspapers as at present, but by large bills pasted on posts at the corners of streets.

In the play bill that announced the opening of Drury Lane, in 1663, the actors' names were then for the first time affixed to the characters they represented; and "Vivat Rex et Regina" was appended to the foot of the bills.

As a matter of curiosity, as well as dramatic history, we annex a copy of this bill:

BY HIS MAJESTY'S COMPANY OF COME DIANS.

AT THE NEW THEATRE, IN DRURY LANE THIS DAY, being Thursday, April 8, 1663, will be acted a play, called

THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT

The King	Mr Wintersel
Demetrius	Mr. Burt
Seleyers (Seleucus)	Mr. Burt
Leontius	Major Mohun
Lieutenant	Mr. Clun
Celia (Celia)	Mrs. Marshall

The play will begin at three o'clock exactly. Boxes 4s.; pit 2s. 6d; middle gallery 1s. 6d; upper gallery 1s.

"Vivat Rex et Regina."

PLEASE THE PIGS.

The origin of the phrase, or so is more frequently used, "Yes, *Please the Pigs*," and "*An't please the Pigs*," is somewhat obscure. In a letter of the London Gentlemen's Magazine, 1750, renders it still more so, by the following very lucid explanation:—"The expression, 'An't Please the Pigs,' is a peculiarity of dialect, a corruption of a word, and a common figure, called a metonymy. For, in the first place, on in the midland counties is used for *if*; and pigs is used as surely a corruption of Pyx, (from Pyxis), a vessel in which the Host is kept in Roman Catholic countries. In the last place the vessel is substituted for the food itself, by an easy metonymy, in the same manner as when we speak of the sense of the house, we do not mean to ascribe sense to bricks and stones, but to a certain number of representatives. The expression therefore means no more than *Deo volente*, or as it is translated into modern English 'God willing.' Yet we presume from this, 'Please the Pigs,' but by what process of reasoning we are unable to discover."

PLUG UGLIES.

A Know Nothing Club in Baltimore, analogous in other respects to the Dead Rabbits and Bowery Boys of New York.

PSALMS OF DAVID.

The poet who first collected the Psalms of David was a celebrated Frenchman of the name of Marot, the favored bard of Francis the First, called also the Prince of Poets, and the Poet of Princes.

Chanting of Psalms was adopted by Ambrose, about 366, from the ancient custom of the Romans. Church organs were in general use in the 10th century. The shortest notes in the middle ages were semibreve and minim, now the longest.

The history of Psalm-singing is a portion of the history of the Reformation, and of the great religious revolution, which separated forever into two unequal divisions the great establishment of Christianity. For a very interesting account of this peculiar and highly important mode of worshipping Deity by singing His praise see a treatise entitled "Singing of Psalms," printed in 1650. David composed sacred hymns to God of several sorts of metre, some of which were penitentiary and remedies, he also made inventions of musical instruments, and he used to sing hymns to God, both on that called Sabbath day, and on other festivals.

PEACE MAKERS AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

The public houses of the Classical Ancients were, in some things, different from ours. Plutarch mentions a house for the reception of harlots, and also of boys and youths, and gave the host some meat to dress. Upon the further demand for food of cheese and oil, "What" says the Spartan, "If I had cheese should I want meat?" The Romans did not recline, but sat when they took their breakfasts in taverns, or had irregular meals elsewhere. They also ate that flag one, chained to post were usual in such houses. Juvenal well describes the habits of such people.

In magna legatum quere popina
Invenies aliquem pensasse parentem.
Pernitium natis et fortunis fugit illa
Inter carnifices et latrones Sardapalat an
Et marginali cenabit proxima Syllæ.
Æquis dil illorum, communis perula, lectus
Non alius cubitalve: nec ipsa cruentus
Will I. ii. 34 vii.

According to this account, there were no boxes, as at modern coffee houses; but the drinking vessels and tables were common. Persons attended to sell odoriferous and perfumes, and addressed the visitor with *Dominus* and *Rex*, and other flattering expressions if they had hopes of custom. The land-lady had her dress tucked up (succinct), for convenience and expedition, and brought pitchers of wine for the guests to taste.

Et cum venali cane succincta ingena.

In the Isles on the road, there was both hot and cold meat. Tiberius prohibited their selling any baker's commodities. Nero permitted only boiled vegetables; though before every kind of delicacy was usual. Eastern keepers had a particular costume, for Heliogabalus caused himself to be represented in one. We are told by modern antiquaries, that the inns of the ancients "were places accommodated with all thing requisite for travelers of ever description; and it was at them that the soldiers used to refresh themselves, and change their horses and carriages, from which custom of changing, in later times, even fresh garments were also called *stingues*. It must however be allowed, that though the places grew to be eminent, and large at last, yet at first it was only one diver sor inns, or inn, on which there was the sign of the *Asse*, by which name, for that reason, the whole station itself was after wards so called. By these *Stations* the ancients also regulated the stages of their journey. The *Asses*, or *stags*, was the bauble or ear of a pitcher, in which sense it is used by Virgil, etc.

As to tin shops, etc., the ancients reckoned it mean to buy wine from a tavern.

Of late Wine cellars, by the continuance o vations have supplied information, pretty well known; but there was a provision for securing what would otherwise have been lost by leakage.

POET LAUREATE.

The custom of crowning poets is as ancient as poetry itself; it has, indeed, frequently varied; it existed, however, as late as the reign of Theodoric, when it was abolished as a remains of Paganism.

When the barbarians overspread Europe, few appeared to merit this honor, and fewer who could have read their works. It was about the time of Petrarch that poetry resumed its ancient instre; he was publicly honored with the laurel crown. It was in the century (the fifteenth) that the establishment of Bachelor and Doctor was fixed in the Universities. Those who were found worthy of the honor obtained the laurel of Bachelor, or the laurel of Doctor; *laurea bacca laurentus; laurea doctorius.* At their reception, they not only assumed, the title, but they also had a crown of laurel placed on their heads.

To this ceremony may be attributed the revival of the custom. The poets were not slow in putting in their claims for the honor, and had most a right, and their patrons sought to encourage them by these honorable distinctions.

POLTROON.

Among the Romans (speaking of those who wished to evade becoming soldiers), some cut off their thumbs or fingers to render themselves unfit for service; hence, *pollex truncus*, or truncated thumb, abridged into poltroon.

PORTER AS A CHURCH WORK.

This phrase, we presume, comes from the French proverb, "*Gueux comme un peintre*," "As poor as a church mouse," and like the phrase, "As poor as Job's turkey," is only tolerated for its absurdity.

PORTER—ORIGIN OF.

The wholesome and excellent beverage of porter obtained its name about the year 1720, from the following circumstances, which not having yet been printed, we think them proper to be recorded in this work; prior to the above mentioned period, the malt liquors in general use were ale, beer and two penny; and it was customary for the drinkers of malt liquor to call for a pint of tankard of half-and-half, *i. e.*, a half of ale and a half of beer, a half of ale and a half of two penny, or a half of beer and a half of two penny. In course of time, it also became the practice to call for a pint or tankard of three threads, meaning a third of ale, beer, and two penny; and thus the publican had the trouble to go to three casks, and turn cocks to draw a pint of liquor. To avoid this trouble, and waste, a brewer of the name of Harwood, conceived the idea of making a liquor, which should partake of the united flavors of ale, beer and two penny. He did so, and succeeded, calling it entire, or entire butt, meaning that it was drawn entirely from one cask or butt; and as it was a very hearty, nourishing liquor, it was very suitable for porters, and other working people. Hence it obtained its name of porter.

In the seventh century Zosimus, wrote a treatise on the making of beer.

POTTER'S FIELD.

After the treason of Judas, and the condemnation of Christ, the betrayer repented him of his denunciation of Jesus. He came back to the temple and there threw down the thirty pieces of silver, the price of blood, and went and hanged himself. The evangelist says (St. Matthew, chapter 27):

6. And the chief priest took the silver pieces, and said. It is not lawful for to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood.

7. And they took counsel and brought with them *the potter's field* to bury strangers in.

8. Wherefore that field was called the field of blood to this day.

9. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the Prophet, saying: And they took the thirty pieces of silver, the price of him that was valued, whom they of the children of Israel did value.

10. And gave them for the *potter's field*, as the Lord appointed me.

PRINTERS' DEVILS.

In our collection of literary antiquities, we have preserved two accounts of the origin of their title. One of them says that it was one Monsieur Deville or De Ville, who came over with William the Conqueror, in company with De Lame, De Vic, De Val, D'Achwood, D'Urfe, D'Umpling, etc. A descendant of this Monsieur Deville, in the direct line, being somewhat reduced, one of his sons was taken in by the famous Caxton, in 1471, who, being very expert, became a favorite among his apprentice, and, in time, an eminent printer, from him the order of printer's *devilles*, or *devils*, took their name. The other account says, if they took it from infernal devils, it was not because they were messengers frequently sent in darkness, and appearing very black as scoffers would suggest, but, upon a very reputable account, for John Fust, or Faustus of Mentz, in Germany, was the first inventor of the art of printing, which art so surprised the world that they thought him a conjurer, and called him their master. Fustus, and his art *the black art*. As he kept a constant succession of boys to run on errands, who were always very black, these were called devils, some of whom being found to be his apprentices, and afterwards raising themselves in the world, as they properly said to have *raised many a devil*.

PRIZE.

This term is derived from the Latin word *prendre*, signifying a chest. The character of one in this sense duly defined by North, in his Plutarch, p. 81.

"For a prince, above all things, must keep his estate, which is no less practiced by doing nothing unseemly than by doing all things honorably."

PROTESTANT, origin of the term.

The Protestants do impute unto *Christ's religion*, as if it taught by *Antichrist*, and *by God, and by that they find out the true Church*.—Sparkes, vol. viii. 34.

On this day, April 19, 1526, a few of the electors and princes of Germany, joined by the inhabitants of Strasburg, Nuremberg, Ulm, Constance, Heilbronn, and seven other cities, published a protestation against the decree of the Diet, the assembly of the States of the German empire, and addressed to the Emperor to have it revoked. Hence the name of Protestants was at that time, given to the reformers of religion in Germany, and it has since become the general denomination of sects of every description, who, continuing to profess christianity, abjure the errors of popery. Those adherents are called Romanists, Catholics, Roman Catholics, or more properly, papists, because of their subjection to the Pope, whom the greater part of them receive and honor as Christ's vicar, and universal Bishop.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IT IS MUCH BETTER

It is much better to take care of a cough or cold from its beginning, using promptly Dr. Jayne's Expectorant than to run the risk of developing a fatal Pulmonary Affection. This well known curative is equally effective in the primary stages of Consumption Asthma and Bronchitis.

BAKED BEANS.

Oh! how my heart sighs for my own native land,
Where potatoes, and squashes, and cucumbers grow
Where cheer and good welcome are always at hand,
And custards and pumpkin pies smoke in a row
Where pudding the visage of hunger senses,
And what is far dearer—the pot of baked beans.

Let Maryland toast of her dainties profuse,
Her large were unrivalled, and canvasback fine,
Her turtle, and oysters, and terrapin stews,
And soft crabs, high-seated with brandy and wine;
Ah! neither my heart from my native land wean
Whose chicken-s on the table the pot of baked beans.

The pot of baked beans with what pleasure I say it,
Well seasoned, well potked, by some rosy faced dame;
And when from the ploughing her oxen shed draw it,
Well crisped and well brown-ed to the table it came;
Oh! give me my country, the land of my beems,
Of the dark Indian pudding and pot of baked beans.

The pot of baked beans! Ah! the moist-ie too thrill
Its taste to descant on, its virtues to tell;
But back at the sense of New England re-calls,
And her daughters so rosy, I will teach them full well
Like me, it will teach thee to sing for the means
Of health, and—of rapture!—the pot of baked beans.

Summoned to Save.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

As he re entered the crowded reception rooms he caught sight of Lord Hawdon's broad shoulders and handsome gray haired head towering above a group of lesser satellites, and with some difficulty made his way to him through the throng.

"The carriage? Won't come for another half hour," the Earl returned, in answer to Sir Frederick's question, "but we can easily borrow one if Gertrude is anxious. What's the matter?" The other drew him aside, and in a few hasty words repeated the substance of what she had just told him, not attempting to disguise the anxiety he felt on her account. But the Earl after a moment's state of bewilderment broke into a hearty laugh.

"Visions—apparitions! moonshine and fiddle strings! I'll tell you what, Fred, when we go back we'll take her down to Brighton for a few days, the sea breezes will soon blow all the visions away. Go and fetch her. I'll borrow Lady Burri more's carriage."

Sir Frederick hastened back to the conservatory. Gertrude had risen, and was standing opposite the mirror into which she appeared to be looking intently. Struck with a vague alarm, he hurried up to her.

She was leaning a little forward, her hands folded over the chest, unconsciously grasping her cloak, her eyes fixed with a fascinated stare on the glass before her. Every drop of blood had forsaken her face, every trace of expression had vanished; it seemed no longer a living face, but a waxen wax mask with speechless parted lips and staring eyes—blank, fixed, vacant, like the eyes of a dog-whip!

For a moment he stood motionless, petrified by the terrible sight then, calling her loudly by her name, threw his arms around her and tried to draw her away, he was just in time, for, even as he touched her, the fixed eyes closed, the rigid figure collapsed, and without a word or sigh she fell back, unconscious, on his breast.

His call for assistance brought help, the Duchesse Lord Hawdon and Mrs. Hartmann to whose directions Gertrude was placed on a sofa, in a current of air. Five or ten minutes passed away, she still lay unconscious. The German bent over her with a puzzled frown, felt her pulse, bent his ear to her heart, gently pushed up her eyelids, and looked at the eyes beneath.

"Ach Himmel!" he said at last, "what does this mean? what has happened to this so beautiful child?" turning on Sir Frederick with an abruptness that made him start.

"I do not know what made her faint."

"Faint? sch!" the other elucidated contemptuously, "this is not faintness, it is trance. I know the signs, they are not to be mistaken, it is only a body that lies here, the spirit is away. Where? She will tell you when she returns."

With a muttered exclamation of impatience Lord Hawdon put the learned Teuton aside, and bidding his strong arms round his daughter's figure, raised her from the sofa.

"Carew, I shall take her home. Send some one for Doctor Lachaud. For heaven's sake make haste! And Gertrude, her as easily as if she had been a child, he bore her to the carriage. A quarter of an hour later the first physician in Paris was at her bedside.

In the hours of suspense and anxiety that followed, every expedient that science and intelligence could suggest was tried—in vain, not a shadow of change was perceptible in her condition, her body lay where they had placed it—the limbs inert, the face white and still.

Everything that can be done has been done" said the physician, when midnight was long past. "Now we can only watch and wait."

The attendants withdrew. The Earl sat at the dressing table, his head resting on his hand. Dr. Lachaud slowly paced the room, pausing now and then to glance at his patient. Sir Frederick, who had been admitted to the chamber, sat at the bedside, his eyes dwelling with anxious intensity on the pallid inanimate face on the pillow.

The shaded lamps paled at last, and over the grey eastern sky there crept the rosy flush of dawn.

Was it fancy, Frederick Carew asked himself, or was there not also in the stiff face before him a glimmer of dawn—the dawn of returning consciousness?

The hope had scarcely flashed through his mind when it was transformed to certainty. He saw the set features relax life and color ebbed back to the skin, the lips parted, the head slightly turned on the pillow, then with a long sigh, the lovely eyes unclosed and looked into his own.

* * * * * * *

She lay, propped up with pillows as they had raised her, looking dreamily from one to the other of the anxious faces at her bedside. Gradually a light of recollection and intelligence dawned in her eyes, but, as it brightened, her face grew troubled, and the faint color which had crept to her cheek on waking, faded again, leaving it whiter than before.

"Papa, I wish to be alone with you and Frederick I have something to say to you."

"Not now, Gertrude another time."

"I must tell you at once, without a moment's delay," she answered, in an agitated voice. Dr. Lachaud nodded slightly, and left the room.

When the door was shut she turned to them with indescribable solemnity and earnestness. "A wonderful thing has happened to me," she began, "a thing so strange that I hardly know in what words to describe it. Frederick," she continued, "have you repeated to papa what I told you last night—was it last night—in the conservatory at the Embassy?"

Sir Frederick replied in the affirmative

"Then I need not preface what I am going to relate by any explanations. When you were about to leave me to go in search of the carriage, you noticed that I shivered, as if with cold? At that moment there was creeping over me that same deadly chill I had felt a few hours before, accompanied by the same vague dread. I was afraid to remain alone, and rose, intending to follow you, but as I did so, my eyes, which I had hitherto averted from the glass, were drawn to it in spite of me, as if by magnetic attraction, and held spell bound. There, once more, was the vision, the eyes were fixed on mine in dumb entreaty, a hundred times more urgent, more agonized than before. I felt that she appealed to me to save her from some terrible impending calamity which I alone could avert, and I thrilled in every nerve with the sense of an unintelligible responsibility. Suddenly I felt that she called me. I heard no voice, my name was not pronounced, but I was called; her spirit imperiously summoned mine, which heard the summons and strove to obey. It seemed drawn from me—struggling to get free. There followed a moment of agony not to be told, then some inexplicable force snapped, and there was a blank. How long that interval of oblivion lasted I cannot tell. I awoke—if it can be called awaking—in the scene I am about to describe. I was in a small antique chamber, with stone floor and arched ceiling, lighted by one narrow window deep set in a thick stone wall. The humble furniture was modern, and consisted only of a little curtainless bed, a wooden chair, and an old chest, used as a table. It was night, a pale moonbeam streamed through the window, and mingled its light with that of two tall wax tapers which stood at the bed's head. On the chair which was drawn close to the fireless hearth, sat an old woman in a black stuff skirt and white coiffe, resting herself upon her elbows on a table, a noble dog of the Norman breed crouched at her side with its head in her lap. At the foot of the bed knelt a young man in the dress of a French peasant farmer, with a handsome sunburnt face and dark eyes and hair. His hands tightly clasped, were outstretched on the bed, his eyes were fixed with a look of passionate love and hopeless grief on the figure which lay there—the figure of a young girl whom I at once recognized as the golden haired girl of my vision. The ashlor of death was on her features, and the dreadful stillness of death in her composed attitude. Her eyes were closed, and instead of that look of fear and agony, the sweet face wore an expression of profound and most pathetic peace. She was dressed in white from head to foot, like a bride, but instead of orange blossoms, a wreath of immortelles, the flowers of the dead lay on her bosom and a crucifix was placed upon the folded hands. As I saw her lying thus, dressed for the grave, a fear and horror, such as I have no words to describe overpowered me, for there dawned upon me, like an inspiration from heaven, the conviction that a fatal mistake had been made. *What seemed death was but trance.* While I looked the agonized prayer of those haunting eyes, now I knew why I had been summoned. I struggled deeper still to make my presence known, to break the spell that held me, and utter a word of warning. In vain. At that very moment the vision faded, and after another interval of oblivion I woke to find myself here.

When Gertrude ceased there was silence. Lord Hawdon and Sir Frederick looked at each other, but neither seemed inclined to speak. At length the latter said hesitatingly.

It was a strange dream."

"A dream!" she echoed, looking up at him. "Do you suppose that what I have described to you was a mere dream?"

"What do you consider it yourself?" he asked.

"I believe it was a revelation granted me for a special purpose," she answered solemnly. "But of saving the fellow creature from a fate so ghastly that it turns one cold to think of it. To be buried alive—horrible!"

She covered her eyes, shuddering from head to foot.

"But, good heavens, Gertrude, you surely don't believe——" the Earl was beginning, but she did not hear him.

"How am I to save her? what can I do?" she continued, as if to herself. "Her name might telegraph to her friends, but as it is——" she paused a moment, deep in thought. "I must go to the place where she lives—St. Medor. If I start to day—at once I may be in time. Papa, you will take me, she pleaded, looking imploringly into his face. "Oh, do not refuse! think what is at stake!"

"But, Gertrude, consider what you ask." remonstrated Sir Frederick. "How can you rush off into the wilds of Normandy after a girl whose very name you do not even know, and who——"

"Once at St. Medor we should soon find out her name," she interrupted. "I can describe her exactly. Oh, Frederick, for heaven's sake don't throw any obstacles in the way, use your influence with papa, beg him to take me. If he will not, she added, raising herself, and her eyes glittered feverishly, "I declare that I will go alone, this very hour."

Her father looked at her in helpless perplexity. Sir Frederick, seeing that it was useless to argue with her, drew him into the recess of a window where he could talk unheard. There was a hurried argument and consultation between the three, which ended in the doctor's saying:

"I am disposed to agree with Sir Frederick. It will be less injurious to Mademoiselle in the present state of her nerves to yield to the fancy than to oppose it.

Upon that, Lord Hawdon, finding him self in a minority, gave way under protest. Some tables were at once consulted the preparations for the hurried journey were begun, and in little more than an hour afterwards Gertrude with her father and Sir Frederick, was on her way to the railway station

The first freshness of the early morning was still in the air when the three travellers saw Paris, with its crowded roofs and spires, receding behind them as they were borne swiftly onward toward sunny Normandy.

II

The quaint, picturesque little town of St. Medor nestles at the smuggest end of a wooded valley through which a stream runs brawling and foaming over its rocky bed. The railway, disdaining to turn out of its path for so insignificant a dot on the map of France darts past the opposite side of the valley to the satisfaction of some of the St. Medorians, and to the disgust of others. The only inn of any pretentions in the place is the "Lion d'Or," a ramshling, whitewashed building, which takes up a large slice of the main street, and "pretends" to comfort rather than style the front door opening point blank, with out any compromise, on the kitchen, through which visitors of every degree have to pass to reach their rooms.

The landlord—a stout, bald man, with a great respect for dignity and a solemn, sal face—came forward with *empressement* as they alighted, and ushered them into the sale à manger, with a gesture which placed himself, his house and all his belongings at their disposal. But he was transfixed in the middle of his very best bow by the information that, for the present, at least, the travelers required nothing of the "Golden Lion" but a certain piece of information, with which no doubt it could furnish them.

What was it Monsieur desired to know" emphatically demanded Madame —a vivacious little brunette—putting her husband aside like one well accustomed to take the reins of government into her own plump hands.

Sir Frederick repeated his question.

A golden haired girl named Gabrielle" she echoed, opening her eyes to their widest. "Monsieur must mean Gabrielle Desanges. But yes, certainly, we know her well, everyone in the place knows her—knew her I should say, for *helas! la pauvre enfant* is dead. She died two days ago. Ah, *oui!*" she broke off, "Madam Giselle is ill—Mademoiselle is about to faint."

But Gertrude did not faint, though she turned deadly white.

"Is she—have they—buried her?" Her lips would hardly frame the words.

"Not yet, mademoiselle, the funeral will take place this afternoon, at half past four or five o'clock," the landlady answered, glancing at the time piece, which hung over the door. "The good Abbé Le Cure was engaged this morning. She is to be buried in the graveyard of the old chapel of Chandore, they wished her to be laid there because it is close to the farm"

"Then she did not live in the town" questioned Sir Frederick quickly.

No, monsieur, she lived with her aunt and cousin, the Lefevres, at the Chateau Farm at Chandore away in the woods, about a league from here. The farm stands on the ruins of the old chateau, Monsieur understands. The poor child was to have been married this month to her cousin Etienne. I went to the farm early this morning to see her in her coffin. They had arranged the old room in the tower which used to be her bedroom, as a chapelle ardente. There she lay, the dear little love, in her bridal dress, with such an angelic look on her face, one could hardly believe she was dead, she seemed in a happy dream."

Gertrude hastily rose, and asked what conveyance there was for hire in the town which would take them to Chandore.

"I fear there is not a carriage to be had this afternoon, Mademoiselle, they are all gone to the fete at Vitreau."

There is the chaise," suggested a voice in the background.

"And the horse, imbecile!" snapped Madame. "Have we not lent Pomponette to Pierre Martin? Say," she broke off "he must have returned by this time. Jean Marie, *mon fils*, run and tell him to bring the mare and carriole round this minute."

As the boy disappeared on his mission, she continued with a curiosity not to be veiled, "Mademoiselle and monsieur—and the gentlemen came to St. Medor on purpose to see Gabrielle?"

Sir Frederick spoke of her, and wished to see her," Gertrude answered, feebly

"Had she been ill long?"

"Not long, I believe, it was a fever which she took in nursing Etienne Lefevre, Mademoiselle must know, is the owner of the Chateau Farm which has been in his family for generations. His widowed mother lives with him, Gabrielle, the orphan child of the sister of Madame Lefevre, was adopted by the latter years ago, and has lived at the chateau ever since. The farm is a triste place, and the Lefevres have always been poor but as proud, in their way, as the old race of the Chandores. They have never been very popular, but always respected, and none more so than Gabrielle, for all his pride and reserve, has as good a heart as ever beat. As for Gabrielle, she had no pride—not a bit—but she was as shy as a little bird, and it was only on Sundays when she came to Mass, that we at St. Medor caught a glimpse of her sweet face and lovely golden hair. But everyone knew that she was betrothed to her cousin, and one look at their faces when they were together was enough to tell you it was love. Some folks used to pity the girl, shut up in the lonely old chateau, but it was not lonely for her. It held all she loved on earth, and I believe the old roof never covered a happier creature than she was, until about two weeks ago. The fever broke out at Chandore, and among the first to be struck down was Etienne. For days he was delirious, and then at last he got passed, but left him weaker than a child. Still the doctor gave them hope that, with careful nursing, he might struggle back to health, but he must have generous diet, broth, wine, and so on. Helas! what were they to do? Every sou was scraped together by the neighbors were as poor as themselves, and as I have said, they had but few friends. Well, one day, Gabrielle walked all the way here, in order to pray at the shrine of our Lady. If ever a passionate prayer went up to heaven, it was from her heart that day and it was answered, wonderfully as answered. As she left the church a strange gentleman followed and spoke to her. Fancy her surprise when he asked her if she would sell her hair, but fancy her joy when he offered to pay for it what seemed to her a small fortune—a sum which would enable her to give Etienne all the luxuries he needed, and keep them in comfort till he was strong again. From that day Etienne wanted for nothing, and slowly recovered. It was not till he was well enough to leave his bed that his mother told him of Gabrielle's sacrifice. When he heard it, cold, proud, reserved, as he was called, he cried like a child, stirred to the depths of his heart with love and gratitude. On that very day the cruel fever laid its hand on Gabrielle, and she took to the bed from which she was never to rise again. She lingered for several days after the fever had left her, lying in a stupor so like death that it was only by the flut tering of a weak pulse that they could tell she still lived. At length, Etienne, who was watching, saw her lips unclose, she drew a deep breath—then all was still. The poor little love was dead."

As Madame uttered the last words, and put a corner of her apron to her eyes, a rattling of wheels sounded in the stone paved street.

"Voila Pomponette!" she exclaimed, bustling from the room.

"If my company is not absolutely necessary on this excursion, my dear," said Lord Hawdon, mildly, speaking for the first time since they had entered the house, "I think I should prefer not to risk my neck in the conveyance I see at the door. Still, if I am required——"

"No, no, stay where you are, papa," Gertrude answered hastily, following Sir Frederick through the door.

The equipage to which Lord Hawdon had made disparaging reference was a most antique structure, with a battered leath ern hood, attached to this machine was a tall and bony quadruped with a Roman nose, and an expression of wooden stolidity.

"Voila Pomponette!" repeated Madame triumphantly, "she will do the six miles in no time. Bon voyage, monsieur et madame!" And the travellers having scrambled to their seats under the nodding hood, the driver cracked his whip, and they started, the whole street turning out as one man to watch them.

Clear of the town, their way led them along the valley, which ran through the valley. Turning to the left, they found themselves ascending one of the wooded slopes. The woods thickened as they proceeded, and the scene grew more solitary. For several miles they encountered but a little herd boy tending a lame cow by a rope, and passed no human habitation but the rude cabin of a *sabotier*, whose stock in trade of wood lay piled up at the side of his door.

The woods were utterly still, except when the wild pigeon's diptant note fell with a forlorn and plaintive cadence on the ear. Gertrude noted nothing of the scene around her, her eyes were gazing into the distance, where her fate was hurrying to meet her. Once she complained of a painful feeling of suffocation

The air stifles me, I can hardly breathe," she panted, though the evening breeze was blowing fresh and cool in her face at the moment

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL.

—Queen Isabella is in Paris, where she will remain till towards the last of January, when she will leave for Madrid to be present at the marriage of her son, King Alfonso XIII

—Commodore Charles Morgan, the steamship man of the South Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, now owns five eighths of the Texas Central Railroad, which is valued at $20,000,000.

—Mrs. Sterling is a comely, lady like woman of renown who has not served an apprenticeship in choir singing. The list includes Miss Kellogg, Miss Clara Louise Sterling, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Miss Abbott, Miss Thursby and many others less distinguished. Antoinette Sterling, one of the most popular concert singers before the English public, is the daughter of a farmer near Waterbown, N. Y., and traces her stock back for English ancestry for two or three hundred years. She is married to a gentleman who was once in business in Boston, and they have a home in the fashionable Belgravia quarter of London.

—The marriage of Miss Polk, the belle of Roman society, to Colonel de Chariette, of the Papal Zouaves, has created an unusual sensation. The young lady is most deservedly popular, and much in favor with the Italian royal family. She is repeatedly been invited to private balls at court, and has also received Princess Margherita in her own house, besides having been a frequent visitor at the ministerial residence near Milan. It was, therefore, a disappointment to many that Miss Polk should have withdrawn from the Papal party by this marriage. It will at once place an insurmountable barrier to the friendly intercourse which had subsisted for two years now, whereas a year ago there were Lady Thornton and two daughters, Mrs. Lascelles and Mrs. Gore Ouseley, the latter agreeable lady, the wife of Admiral Ouseley, who is now at Wormley's Hotel, and Mrs. Henry Howard, whose husband is second Secretary of Legation, is with her husband and family at the residence of her father, Mr. George Riggs.

The Spanish Japan, Russian, Swedish French, Danish and Prussian ministers have agreeable wives, and the latter has two daughters in society

Nearly all the secretaries and attaches of the various legations are unmarried. The English and Spanish have the greatest number of secretaries, etc. The former has the four of whom are unmarried, and the latter seven, not one of whom is married. The Japanese Legation has three secretaries, two Austrian two, the Italian two and the French four.

There are, therefore, thirty-two gentlemen of the diplomatic corps who are within, not an extra year of sufficiently advanced in age to be considered incorrigible bachelors. The German Minister and Chancellor of Legation, however, can not be considered in the matrimonial list since Bismarck, a year or more ago, issued an order that no one holding any member of the German diplomatic service from marrying a foreigner

Of the few ladies in the diplomatic families, the wife of Baron de Baltazzi Dardon, Hegermann and others are natives of the United States. Next week a sixth will be added in the person of Mrs. Adam.

Senor Garcia, the Minister from the Argentine Republic, is at the Riggs House but none of his family are with him. His wife died some years ago, and her married daughter, who is in feeble health.

The German Minister, Mr. Kurd von Schlozer, is a bachelor, as is also his secretary, Baron von Thielman, who is absent.

Madame Borges, the only lady of the Brazilian Legation who ever resides in Washington, has been in New York for more than a year, but is expected to spend the winter here, as also is the wife of the Turkish Secretary and Mrs. Baltazzi, and the wife of the Minister from Guatemala, Salvador and Honduras, Senora Jardon.

Senor Dalla Costa, the Minister from Venezuela, Baron Blanc, the Italian Minister, and the Belgian Minister, Mr. Deffosse, who is absent. Senor Peralta, the Minister from Costa Rica, the Turkish Minister, Aristarchi Bey, Senor Zanarth, the Chilian Charge d'Affaires, and M. de Pestel, Minister from the Netherlands, are all bachelors.

FUN AND PHILOSOPHY.

The story runs: Once on a time a mule
Met, in a field, a cunning beast, whose name
Sir Fox, in ancient and in modern school,
For tricks and frolic had ever been the same.

The duo spake, as strangers when they meet,
On lonely highway, of the weather's state;
And yet, as is but just, both were discreet,
Nor told too much in mild and formal prate.

At last, however it happed, the Reynard said:
"I think, my friend, that we have met before
Your name is—pshaw!—none e'er had such a head—
I know it well in those good days of yore!"

"My name, dear sir!" the thoughtful Mule replied,
"I never heard. Beneath my hood 'tis writ.
None yet have read it out—but come this side
And haply you may soon decipher it."

The cunning Fox approached—its pedal part,
John's son with gentle motion slowly raised
The other eyed the foot with all his art,
But nought like name the shall-ow conceve faced.

A moment passed, then like the lightning's flare,
The Mule's heel darted 'gainst the Fox's shin—
The latter yielding to the sudden jolt,
Surprised and pained, keeled over, kicked and died.

And thus it is, since Light's first dawn of gold,
Or Life reviving quickened soil inert,
Whene'er fools meet—a Mule—or young or old—
May bet for certain that he'll soon get hurt.

—Another proof that "Time is money" is seen in the fact that a great many people can't spare any.

—About this time turkeys commence to roost high, and this may account for the high prices asked for them.

—When a man is in poor health and takes to eating oysters on the half shell, it is a sort of "raw recruiting."

—The confectioners and, in fact, dainty tradesmen and mechanics of all kinds, are just now making a great many Christmas presents.

—The proverbial skepticism of many newspaper people stands manifested, at times, in their disinclination to "give credit" to anything or anybody.

—Some housewives are commencing to mince their mince meat considerably. Being near to Christmas it is meat, however, they should do so.

—It is not upon record whether, like the children of a later day, Eve was in the habit of "turning over a new leaf" every New Year's.

—Speech may be silver and silence gold, but the extra premium on the latter commodity does not seem to increase the supply.

—As soon as the pavements are frozen over, it will be generally observed that "backsliding" is not confined exclusively to the religious folks.

—The times are so hard in parts of the West that the clergymen announce they will marry folks in clubs of ten or twenty at much reduced rates.

—Hot words are generally productive of coolness. This is more particularly the case when a man tells his wife to get out and "fire up the stove."

—The woman who wears a nice diamond ring never thinks the weather is so cold that she cannot afford to go for the most part without gloves.

—Ben Butler has still that hat full of bricks ready in Congress, but he evidently remembers that those who live in glass houses should throw stones.

—The natural bent of woman's mind is melancholy. They all like to be garbed in sackcloth and ashes, and then they like prefer the sack should be seal skin.

—It is important that base ballers should know that one of the best or most effective ways to get rid of mosquitoes is to put the pitch boiling hot and then drop in the ball.

—In any stage of war's progress, it is never likely that columns will be cut down by rapidly moving artillery, with his scissors, decimates those of his exchanges.

—The simple fact that it would hardly pay for the trouble, prevents many a landlord from thinking these nights that his landlady has been starching the sheets of his bed with ice.

—A man named Hickman, in Kentucky, is the father of eleven children in five years. In this era of "baby shows," we think he can challenge the whole country to make a better exhibit.

—In this time of Christmas presents it is well for the girls to remember that it is no compensation to a young man's feelings instead of presenting him with a pair of gloves to "give him the mitten" twice.

—To be safe, a man's education must be universal. The greatest philosopher, linguist or scientist is ignorant if he does not know that the truly wise man never touches a circular saw to see if it is going.

—The idea of comparing man to a worm probably originated in the fact that if a woman finds one in the butter really near her, she is disposed to make as much fuss over it as she does over her first beau.

—Old jobber. "I wish I'd got my brother on this here job with me." Inquiring employer. "Why, my man, your brother especially?" Old jobber. "Why, ye see, sir, he's got a rare check on him, my brother has. Why, he'd think no more of asking for a quart of beer or so over a job like this, than he would of asking for the corn; if it remains on day and night, pare the corn every day or two, fill the cavity in the center of the plaster with some of the pulp of a lemon, adding to it only the absolutely necessary except in very stubborn cases. Wear the plaster a week or longer after the corn is cured; it prevents the shoe from rubbing or irritating the tender spot. "Perpetual parings" such as these corn or spots are afterwards protected will increase in size. The plasters can be procured at any druggist's.

A ROYAL SCARE.—The Prince of Wales, during his visit to Trouville, was at the house of a noble lady, who, in honor of H. R. H., had given a card party. Some gaming for high stakes was going on, when suddenly the awful spectre of a police officer, dressed in his robes of office, was held at the door, and the words of doom were pronounced, "Let no one leave the room!" Instant confusion, and dismay and alarm of the men; the Prince hid his face and the Baroness de Poilly fainted, and there was a lively time for a moment or two, till the official announced his errand and mustache, and it was discovered that the whole affair was a joke that the Prince had, with the connivance of the Princess de Sagan, "put up" on the company.

FEMININE INDEPENDENCE.—Feminine independence appears to flourish in Great Britain. Miss Majoribanks, who is shortly to be married to the Earl of Aberdeen, made no less than three long speeches in reply to public deputations presenting addresses of congratulation upon the approaching event, and this notwithstanding her future husband was present to respond if she had preferred him to do so.

FARM AND GARDEN.

LEAVES OF AN OLD IVY STOCK.—To make an ivy leave out between the pot and the end of the vine, pinch off the leaves at the end of the vine, and give liquid manure fortnightly.

PREPARING POULTRY FOR MARKET.—The French system of preparing poultry for market, by drawing the intestines at the time of dressing, is, in our opinion, far more cleanly than the one generally practiced in this country, of leaving them in the body to keep the latter more plump, but still as to make it weigh heavier.

DESTROYING INSECTS.—The *Journal of Chemistry* says that hot alum water is the best insect destroyer known. Put the alum in hot water and let it boil till all the alum is dissolved; then apply it hot with a brush to all the cracks, closets, bedsteads, and other places where any insects are found. The bed bugs, cockroaches and creeping things are killed by it, while it has no danger of poisoning the family or injuring property.

COWS AND SHEEP IN PASTURES.—In fields, pastures are stocked with cows and sheep in equal numbers. The sheep eat the hard and wiry grasses, which the cows reject, and keep the turf closer and finer, care is also taken not to over stock. The presence of the sheep improves the fertility of the pasture, besides keeping down the growth of bushes and shrubs. Our farmers would find it for their interest to imitate this feature of English farming. Pastures exclusively devoted to the use of cows soon become overrun by bushes and worthless grasses, which the presence of sheep would keep in check.

HOUSE PLANTS.—House plants ought to be occasionally gently once or twice a week. Rain water, so refreshing to summer flowers, always contains ammonia, which also abounds in all liquid manures. If you have no rain water put a tablespoonful of ammonia, dissolved in one gallon of water, and it will make spring water even more stimulating to your plants than rain water. Put a tablespoonful of guano in two weeks with guano water (one tablespoonful to a pail of water), they will grow more thrifty. Always remember that your flower pots, unless of common hairpin, used daily, will stir the earth sufficiently.

WEEDS.—Among the earliest plants to start in arable grounds are weeds, and the presence of weeds is more or less indicative of heavenly soil. Professor Buckman, of the Cirencester College, England, discovered, in a pint of clover seed, 27,000 weed seed; in a pint of cow grass seed, 12,000; in a pint of timothy, 25,600; and in a pint of white clover seed yielded, one 36,900, and the other 20,400 weed seeds. These statements show the necessity for care in buying clover seed, timothy and grass seeds to be manifested, as it is far from their disinclination to "give credit" to anything or anybody.

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HOUSEKEEPER.

HOW TO RESTORE CRAPE.—To restore crape, hold it smoothly over steamy steam until the wrinkles are removed, then dry it, and iron it.

CHOCOLATE ICING.—Put into an old plate eight ounces sugar, powdered, two ounces of chocolate grated fine, and two tablespoonfuls of water; set it in the oven or on the stove; stir till it is like thick cream. Use at once.

HOW TO SOFTEN THE HANDS.—"If you exposed to the wind and weather a great deal, as days as I daily encounter, the way I keep my hands soft, I rub them freely at night, before I retire, with tallow, and then by the fire, and rub it in as hard as I can."

SUGAR CAKE.—One cupful sugar and table-spoonful butter rubbed together; one well beaten egg, two cupfuls sifted flour, a little less than a teaspoonful salt, one cupful sweet milk; flavor with nutmeg or lemon; bake in a loaf.

HOW TO GET FAT.—After each meal take a tumblerful of good milk, with a tablespoonful of time water added. Drink it by no means regular amount of food; also take a tepid sponge bath every morning, and freedom from unhealthy mind and moral conditions.

CURTAIN PUDDING.—Three eggs, two thirds cupful sugar, four cupfuls milk, salt and nutmeg to taste; beat the eggs well, add sugar, milk, salt and nutmeg; stir well together, and bake in an earthen pudding dish set in a dripping-pan of boiling water; bake two hours in a moderately hot oven. To be eaten cold.

TO ROAST COFFEE.—If you desire to have extra fine flavored coffee, parch it with a stick it over, wash it well, drain it, and spread it out on pie pans (not tin) in a moderate oven, or on top of the range; stir it often to keep from burning, and roast it until it is a good brown; then drop a small piece of butter in each pan, and stir it in while roasting, to make the coffee shine; grind it fresh every morning. The flavor will then equal if not excel the "Vienna" coffee.

CORN PLASTER.—Cut into a quart measure two tablespoonfuls of wheat flour, put into this two tablespoonfuls sugar, half teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful soda; sift all into the flour; mix it in one quart milk, one egg, and two teaspoonfuls melted butter; beat well, and bake in a medium sized dripping-pan, well greased; when cold cut it in squares, and eat for breakfast.

CALLOUS SPOTS OR THE FEET.—If the spots are not too large, the use of adhesive white court plaisters would afford great relief, if not a permanent cure. I have known a callous corn may be cured in this way. First bath the feet in a strong solution of borax—a tablespoonful of powdered borax in a bash of water; bathe at least twice a day; cut a piece of tested remain in the water half an hour or more; pare the corn a little; be careful not to make it bleed, and place the bunion or callous spot where you have pared the corn; if it remains on day and night, pare the corn every day or two, fill the cavity in the center of the plaster with some of the pulp of a lemon, adding to it only the absolutely necessary except in very stubborn cases. Wear the plaster a week or longer after the corn is cured; it prevents the shoe from rubbing or irritating the tender spot. "Perpetual parings" such as these corn or spots are afterwards protected will increase in size. The plasters can be procured at any druggist's.

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PREJUDICE.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

Mr. James Arnold had been an invalid for many weeks, and although now convalescent, he was still suffering from the effect of his protracted illness. As the weather was becoming very warm in the city, (for Summer was rapidly advancing,) his physician advised him to leave home for awhile, for the purer air of some mountain one district, that his health might become fully re-established.

Like most invalids, Mr. Arnold felt a great reluctance to leave his home, and flatly refused to do so, unless all the family would accompany him. In consequence of this decision, preparations were immediately begun to enable Mrs. Arnold and the children, Tom, Ernest, and Aletta to journey with him to that pleasantest of all pleasant Summer resorts, the White Mountains, in New Hampshire.

Aletta and Mrs. Arnold were packing their trunks. It was a cool, damp June morning, and the girl hugged her pretty little self in her blue sacque, as she remarked:

"How I wish dear Marcia Wilder was going with us. I should enjoy our trip ever so much more, if she was to be one of the party."

"Perhaps papa would invite her, if you asked him?"

"Oh, dear! no! Not for the world. Tom would go mad, and Ernest—— well, Ernest would say nothing, but I know what he would think. I would not for anything have her go with us."

"And just now you wanted her to go."

"That is on my own account, mamma, but I would much rather give up the pleasure her society would afford me, than have her feelings outraged every hour in the day. Poor, sensitive Marcia!"

There was just the faintest approach to a smile on Mrs. Arnold's face, but before she could reply, the door bell rang, and Aletta was summoned to the parlor, where although her services were so necessary to her mamma, she was detained for a full hour by her friend Marcia, who had just gone from the door, as Tom came into the hall.

"You and Marcia Wilder have had a long talk together," he said. "I suppose all the affairs of the nation are settled by this time."

"She has been telling me about her uncle, who has, just returned from India. O! Tom, what misfortunes have been heaped upon that man! First, his lovely wife was taken away from him."

"Who dared do such a thing as that!" asked Tom with simulated surprise.

Aletta looked at him reproachfully as she continued:

"The next year he lost both his son and daughter, the beautiful, idolized daughter, and he was left entirely alone in this cruel world. Then an unrelenting fate deprived him, through the treachery of a false friend, of a princely fortune. Marcia says he bears his troubles with so much fortitude. O! what a proud spirit he must be, and what a privilege it is to have such an uncle."

Tom drew a long sigh as he turned up his eyes, and crossed his hands demurely upon his breast. Aletta was ready to cry with vexation as she exclaimed:

"What an unfeeling boy you are, Tom, for my part, I would rejoice in having such an uncle."

"Why? Because he has lost a fortune and all that? By George, Letty, I'd rather have one uncle with lots of tin, than a round dozen out of cash in that miserable way. I like relations that are flush. None of your poor folks for me, that could never help a fellow however great the necessity."

"Yes, that's exactly like you, Tom, you are so utterly selfish, but if I had such an uncle, I should give him all my sympathy and affection. How I would delight in being his little nurse. I would strew his pillow with flowers, sweet as he is himself."

"Oh," interrupted Tom, "if your fancy leads you to nurse the sick, there is old John, who had his leg amputated the other day. He, poor fellow, really is in want of sympathy I know, for I have just come from his bedside. How would you like to strew his pillow with flowers?"

The deluge that had long been threatening now poured from Aletta's eyes.

"If we are going to have an April shower," said Tom, laughing, "I'm off 'till the sky's clear." And as Aletta looked up, her eyes sparkling with anger, he kissed her hand to her, crying as he hurried away: "Good bye, sis; I'm terribly afraid of thunder and lightning."

"How I hate rude boys," thought Aletta, as she looked after her brother.

Tom is just awful. He makes fun of everybody. Dear Marcia says she is so anxious I should see her uncle. She knows I will be delighted with him."

The family started off on their projected tour, on a bright balmy June morning, in fine health and spirits. A shower in the night had laid the dust on the road, and Mr. Arnold felt invigorated as he breathed the fragrant air. The party presented quite an imposing array, in which the pretty Aletta, in her new gray travelling dress, shone forth quite conspicuously.

Tom and Ernest, in consequence of Mr. Arnold's weak condition, were restrained from the full enjoyment of their trip until they were joined by Mr. Erling, their father's friend, for whom they had been anxiously looking all along the road. This gentleman was tall and slender, well proportioned, with a fine, open countenance. He was thoroughly acquainted with the country through which they were passing, and as fond of adventure as the boys themselves. He was also possessed of a powerful cheery voice and musical, singing laughter, had the misfortune to displease the fastidious taste of Miss Arnold, on account of his slouched hat and rough habiliments, and the immense proportions of his cane. She repelled every advance he made to such an acquaintance with her, and he finally relinquished the attempt.

"Oh! what an ill-bred, disgusting man!" she whispered to her mamma. "There is nothing gentlemanly about him, and papa ought to pay more respect to our feelings than to invite such a person to join our party."

"My dear child," answered Mrs. Arnold, "you should not indulge in such violent prejudices. Mr. Erling is very pleasant and amusing, and is just the right kind of a companion for the boys. Papa has known him for a long time, and respects him highly. I wish you would to like him for all our sakes."

"That I can never do, mamma, and I am shocked that you should ask me. If the boys can better appreciate his boorish manners, they are welcome to his exclusive society for me."

At this moment the cars stopped at a pretty wayside town, and Mrs. Arnold's attention was drawn away, for a time, from her refractory daughter.

Mr. Arnold, contrary to his expectations, bore the fatigue of traveling admirably, and the change from the sick room to the open air was improving him already. Aletta scanned, with curious eyes, her fellow passengers, deciding, in her mind, who were ladies and gentlemen, by the style of their dress. She wondered if the lady, that occasionally glanced at her, saw her new diamond ring that threw out such bright coruscations as she divided the loaves of her magazine with her pretty little ivory paper knife, or if she had any idea that their party was going all the way to the White Mountains on account of her sick papa.

When she was so unfortunate as to attract the attention of Mr. Erling for his eyes often turned in her direction, she always managed to be attentively engaged with her book, marking occasional passages with her slender little gold pencil. Not that these passages were particularly excited her admiration, for she really had not read them at all. No; she did not care a dime for them, she only wanted to convince that horrid man of the truth that she possessed a literary turn of mind, and was not to be classed with her rude and uncultivated brothers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LONDON TOYS.

In London alone there are, besides various importers of toys, eleven rocking-horse manufacturers, and ten wholesale dealers, not including the large tribe of small retailers, who combine other occupations with the sale of toys. Though Germany, Switzerland and France are the great store-houses of all toys of which the material is soft wood, the toy manufacture of London forms a large and interesting industry.

Penny wooden toys are turned out of a manufacturing establishment which consists of a toy-maker, his wife and family. When the father has finished his work on the lathe, the mother and children have their particular shares in gluing, pasting, and painting. The materials for these articles are scraps of timber bought out of builders' yards, the principal tools being the chisel and the lathe. Pewter toys are made in London in very large quantities. At one establishment a ton of metal is consumed each month in the production of Lilliputian tea, coffee, and dinner sets. English taste may be gathered from the fact that the number of tea sets made is nearly thirty times larger than either of the two. Twenty-three separate articles make up a set, and of these articles two millions and a half are made yearly by one house alone. The metal is provided from miscellaneous goods, such as candlesticks, tea-pots, pots and pans, bought from "marine" store dealers by the hundred weight, and, when melted, is formed into the required shapes by different processes of moulding in metal. One man makes 2,500 small tea cups in a day. Putting together the four separate pieces of a mould made of hard gun metal, she fills it with the melted metal, dips its mouth into cold water, takes it to pieces, and turns out a cup that only wants trimming.

Another large industry grown up or developed of late years is the manufacture of India rubber, cut up into small pieces, and formed, by the admixture of white lead and other substances, into putty like inelastic material, is fitted into two pieces of an iron mould, variously shaped according to the requirements of the toy, and then plunged into the vulcanizing bath—a vessel filled with sulphur and other ingredients. When taken out, the India rubber has become elastic, the two pieces of mould are unscrewed, and the toy, after trimming and painting, is ready for use.

We have left to the last place notice of the toy which is the specialty of English manufacturers—the doll. The wax doll, after being melted in large vessels by means of boiling water, is poured into hollow plaster moulds made in three pieces, and laid in rows with the crown of the head downward. When the workman has filled from a can ten or twelve of these moulds, he takes the first one in the row, he pours back into his can as much of the wax as remains fluid, and so on with the other moulds. Most of the wax is thus poured back again into the can, but that which adheres to the mould has now become a hollow wax head, thick or thin, according to the time which elapses between pouring the wax into the mould and pouring it out again. Then comes the process of baking the glaze eyes, which, save the very best, are now made abroad, the Germans having driven the Birming ham manufacturers out of the field. The wax ridges left by the joints of the mould are smoothed down, the surface is brushed over with turpentine to clean it, and with violet powder to modify it, and when the cheeks have been tinted with rouge and the lips with vermilion, the head is ready for the dressing operations. For the best dolls hair, the wig is made by a lengthy process of fixing one or two hairs at the time, so as to give a natural appearance to the face. In the common dolls the hair is more quickly put on in locks. The black hair, most of which comes from abroad is human, but the favorite flaxen curls are of mohair, the silky wool of the Angora goat. Composition doll's heads are made of pasteboard from iron moulds. The pasteboard is placed over a mould representing half a head cut vertically behind the ear, and is then forced by means of a pestle into every crevice. Another mould for the other half of the head is similarly filled, and, when nearly dry, the two halves are removed from the moulds and pasted together. The head thus moulded, which becomes as hard as leather, is covered with a composition of size and whiting, washed with oil and turpentine and then having received a pair of eyes, is dipped into a vessel of melted wax, and reslipped until it looks like a solid wax head. The wax is then cut from off the face, scraped from that part of the head which the hair will cover, and the head is then ready for painting, powdering, and hair-dressing. A the finer dolls, known in the trade by the misnomer of "rag dolls," is the pretty muslin faced creature with blue eyes and becoming cap. Her face is of wax, covered with an outer skin of muslin, and is made by pressing a wax mask, moulded in the ordinary way, into a mould exactly like the one in which the wax was cast, over which is stretched a piece of thin muslin. In this way the wax necessarily adheres so closely to the muslin that it becomes a sort of skin to the mask. These faces are nothing but masks, and require the caps to conceal the junction with the skulls, made of calico and sawdust, like the bodies. The bodies are mostly the handiwork of women and the smaller members of the dollmaker's family. The doll manufacturer gives out so many yards of calico, which are to produce so many bodies, the sawdust to be found by the maker. Then by a division of labor in cutting out, sewing up, filling with sawdust, and making the joints, many dozen bodies will be turned out by one family in a week. The arms are a branch of the trade upon which certain persons are almost exclusively employed. They are made of calico above the elbow, of leather for the part below, and are paid for at the incredibly small price of six pence half penny a dozen pairs, smaller arms for very cheap dolls costing three half pence a dozen pairs. We read that the hands, which thus cost each the six hundredth part of a penny, have always a certain number of fingers. The materials are found by the makers themselves, so when we consider that one doll sold to the public for sixpence should not cost more than threepence in the making, if the toy merchant and the retailer are to earn a living, there remains but a pittance to be earned by the Caleb Plummers and Jenny Wrens. Though most dolls leave their first homes in an undressed condition, the larger establishment employ many young women in the dress making department of their trade. Here, too, is particularly exhibited a distinct branch of trade—the little wax colored leather shoes, which are made from the waste material left by the makers of children's ornamental boots and shoes. A thousand such pairs are made weekly by one large manufactory in Clerkenwell.

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We mark the tried and true,
Founders of the cause of man,
A chosen, peerless few.
Born to their mission and inspired,
Oh, should they fall, we feel
No spirit would like theirs be fired,
No hand could wield their steel.

Yet, one by one, they step aside,
Or on the red field lie,
And still their places are supplied,
Still rings the battle cry.
Still o'er the hoary walls of Wrong
Truth's startling missiles fly
And still, with steady step and strong,
Her hosts are marching by.

And so it shall be evermore
Until the trump is blown,
Proclaiming Wrong's hard rule is o'er,
And Right is on the throne.
Oh, fear not for our cause sublime.
Let fate do all it can;
For in the darkest coming time
The hour shall bring the man.

THE SPY.

BY C. LEON GUIBERT.

It was nearly a hundred years ago, on a bitter December night in the dark year of 1776, that three persons were earnestly engaged in conversation, in a small room of a house on second street, opposite Christ Church, in the city of Philadelphia. The dimly flaring light of a wax candle revealed the group as they sat by the table—an old man, a beautiful young woman and a youth attired in the Continental uniform. The topic upon which they conversed seemed to agitate them greatly. The old man was especially nervous, and while he was speaking there suddenly came a great flash of sleet against the window, and the startling crash of a banging shutter, that caused him to start with a look of alarm and saw the thread of his speech. When he resumed, he said, tremulously:

"God be merciful to us all! These are evil times." Methought I heard the rattle of drums and musketry! May the good God defend us!"

"Amen," said the young soldier, reverently.

"Go on, daughter!" continued the old man, addressing the girl. "Tell us what this son of Belial hath said to thee!"

"I will tell thee all," answered the young woman with tears in her eyes.

"This man, Robert Esteleck, hath been my cross for years! He has tortured me with his attentions—claimed my heart and hand, although I spurned and despised him, and dogged my steps every where. Have I not told him that I was thy betrothed" laying her hand softly on the soldier's. The wife of thee, the brave Joseph Stamford! He knows not honor. But to-day, to-day he telleth me, unless I become his wife, he will bring disgrace and ruin upon me and mine. He taunted me—said to me, beware of me, if thou roundst me! Heaven pity me! What can I do to avert his pursuit, his calumny? To-day he hath even spoken to me the evil—

"Say no more!" ejaculated the soldier grinding his chair back upon the polished floor and smiting his sword hilt with the palms of his hand. "Peace, Alice, peace, in God's name! I have heard enough! I know all! This maddens me! This man, this monster of a Robert Esteleck shall not escape me! He shall not live! No, by heaven!"

What is this!" broke in the old man with an expression of anger. "Mad words and malice! Man against man! Is this thy talk of peace?" Prithee, let me have no more of it! Leave the wicked man to God! Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord!"

This rebuke brought a spell of silence upon the place for a moment. In an instant afterward there was a great knock at the door.

It's the wind," cried the old man, with a face of terror.

The knocking continued louder and louder.

Alice and the young soldier running with one impulse to open the door, there entered two dripping figures.

A bad night!" said one of the men as he entered the room.

Yea, verily, friend!" answered the old man, peering at the new comers, then continuing. "Art not thou, Captain Tamperpot?

"That is my name, and I present you to Corporal Best, at your service.

And your name is Abraham Shippen, if I mistake not?" said the officer.

True, true," said the old man, and Captain Tamper and Corporal Best are welcome to shelter, God knows. Draw near the fire, friends.

I'm sorry to say, it's a bad night, and bad business brings us," said the officer.

There was a large meeting to-day at the Indian Queen Hotel on Fourth street, respecting manifestations of action against the Tories and friends of the king. Several were implicated. Among others, the Committee of Safety gave us the name at this house of one Robert Esteleck."

Ah!" broke in the young soldier.

And one Joseph Stamford."

A scream from Alice, a sudden out burst from the others. "Joseph Stamford"

The young soldier rose up and bowing to the officer, said excitedly. "At your service, Captain Tamper! Joseph Stamford is present! He salutes his superior officer!"

You are suspected of being a friend of George the Third!"

That for George the Third!" snapping his fingers. "George Washington for me!"

You are accused of singing 'God save the King,' in this house!"

What?

This is strange!" broke in Alice. "We are true patriots all. Heaven be our witness!"

Does this look like loving the King?" said the young soldier, touching his military coat and sword. "Ah, ha! It's a good joke, Captain! A good joke!"

Pooh!" exclaimed the old man. "I'm a man of peace, an old Quaker, a foe of foes, an enemy of blood shedding yet I am faithful to God and the good cause, and let no one insult the flag of our rights in my house. I will fight for my hearth, my country and my God! We are friends of liberty here, not spies!

One can't tell friend from foe, these times, master," said Corporal Best.

We but do our duty," said Captain Tamper. "We have orders to hold our men until the Council of Safety decides—"

But I am a friend of independence. I go to join Washington to-morrow," said Joseph.

So might the gallant Robert Esteleck allege," answered the Captain.

Captain—" cried Joseph. "know you this man Esteleck?"

Not I, comrade."

Then, returned Joseph, "let me tell you what he is like. He is like any other sneaking, smiling, smooth faced, little black eyed villain you ever saw, wears his own red hair tied up with a black ribbon and powdered. Only he limps a little. A bullet wound they say? Oh I know him."

Where is he?" asked the Captain.

Every where, answered Joseph, "and in all disguises—but, Captain, on my parole of honor as a soldier, I promise to appear to-morrow before the Council and take the oath of allegiance if need be. Leave me alone for this night."

So be it" said the Captain, "but we must find Esteleck. The town is increased against traitors and spies, and they will mock your house if you harbor him. Can you point him out?

Good sir," said Alice, "the man you seek hath often visited this house, but will do so no more. Though I hate him, I will not slander him, he is a true patriot and no spy."

Tut, tut!" blurted Joseph, "a patriot forsooth—a Tory scamp! a renegade! Art thou mad, Alice?"

We have no time to lose!" said the officer brusquely. "Lady, farewell! Soldier, remember to muster! Good night master!" So saying, Captain Tamper and the Corporal left the room abruptly.

Then Joseph, who opened the street door for them.

Ha, ha!" exclaimed the Captain, as he looked across the street. Did you make that?"

A muffled figure sank into the shadow of the great church opposite. "We must hurry on or we escape."

So, so!" cried Joseph. "There is some mischief afoot to night! Captain stay in the neighborhood for God's sake! That looks suspicious. Good night to ye." And Joseph slammed the door and ran shivering into the room.

Haste thee, while I hide myself behind these folding doors for the room."

Alice opened the door to a tall man wrapped in a red cloak and wearing long, horseman's boots. With a faint cry she recognized him, and strove to keep him out. He pushed her aside gently and entered the parlor. Abraham Shippen glared at the intruder a moment and then cried, "Evil on evil! Hath the wicked night brought thee to punish us? Away, wretch, or old as I am I will myself drag thee forth! Away, Robert Estelock, I will not harbor thee!"

Robert Estelock smiled. He was always smiling, always smooth voiced. He threw off his cloak and said: "Peace, good sir! Listen to me! I am your friend, and you will find it out. Do you know the danger you are in? The British are even now at the threshold of the city. They will slay all! Fire, ravage, and death await us! But I see a way to escape! Come to rescue you and your daughter—"

Stop!" interrupted Alice, with a defiant gesture. "Robert Estelock, thou hast sought to dishonor me—do not insult me further! I forgive thee all! Yet I beg of thee leave us instantly. Thy life is in danger! Already have the officers been here in search of thee! Stay not a moment! Forget thy wicked designs and save thy self! Be quick! The town is alarmed against thee—"

Robert Estelock smiled at her, but his smile was the smile of anger now.

Oh, my beauty! Learn not for my self—nor care I for your dotard father there! I want you! I will have you! Come!"

He seized her hand. She withdrew with a scream, and the old father clasped his hands and cried out, "God deliver us from this scourge!"

At that instant the folding doors flew open.

There stood Joseph Stamford.

The villain did not forget his smile. He drew a pistol from his inner waistcoat and aimed it at the soldier. Instantly the flint lock missed fire. In an instant more the old man wrenched the weapon from the young fiend's grasp.

I arrest you as a traitor and spy," cried Joseph, drawing his sword and rushing on Estelock. "Give me your sword!"

The coward yielded the weapon without a word. His face became livid.

Alice, let in the officers!" cried Joseph, and shortly afterwards Captain Tamper and the Corporal, who had been waiting in an alley way, re entered.

Here's your man!" continued Joseph, breathlessly. A spy, a villain—keeping up communication with the enemy. Carrying on illicit trade! Murdering, threatening—disgusting himself! Take off! I have all the proofs! To-morrow the Council shall hear me. Strip off his wig form! He disgraces the holy cause of Liberty! Away with him!"

And they took him, well guarded, to the old Walnut street prison.

He did not die! Love, for fear of it'king thee," said Joseph, pressing the beautiful Alice to his bosom and kissing her fair forehead, "that thin night, Friday night, fired twice at me on High street."

Did he hit thee" she asked, with a face of fear.

No beloved. Thank God I escaped his shot! I have known him long as a spy. He will meet his deserts now. He hath been plotting against us here. I have all the papers, all the evidence necessary to send him swiftly to the gallows. There are those who love him for his beauty. Let his Circe be a warning to all traitors."

Wish him no evil save his own bitter thoughts," murmured Alice.

For thy sake I forgive him love," said the patriot, "but he must meet his punishment. The times are hard and need hard measures.

Not many days after this event a horse galloped furiously up Spruce street, followed by a crowd shouting. "A prisoner escaped! A Tory prisoner! Death to the spy!"

Some friends of the prisoner had actually procured him a horse to accelerate his escape.

A soldier in the mob happening to fire at the horseman the steed made a spring and threw the rider over his head. They ran to pick up the man. It was Robert Estelock. The flint had struck his temple. The fall had broken his neck and he was quite dead.

Joseph Stamford came back from the campaign with the title of Captain well earned, and with a sabre cut in the shoulder but he lived to see the sacred cause not only in the country, but in his own home, where with his own beloved Alice, the happy queen, and three merry children, life was to him an epoch of happiness and blissful rest.

A NATURAL FISHING LINE.—There are different modes of catching fish. Capture by rod and line is curiously anticipated by a fish known to naturalists as the Lophius Borlusii, which can extend itself, some say, to ninety feet, and looks as Kingsley has said, a mere knotted hump, small enough to be put in a dessert-spoon. The little fish that chance to touch this slimy tape of living smoke-fluke has no chance of escape, for he is "played" with such a fishing line as the skill of a Wilson or a Stoddard never could invent."

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.

The coming of Christmas is heralded this year by more than the usual variety of novelties, which seem to excel in attractions everything of the kind seen in the past, and preparations for the event are for the moment absorbing the thoughts of everyone. It is the season when ingenious brains and nimble fingers are busily engaged designing and making the innumerable articles which are to represent gifts for Christmas.

Mysterious cogitations and consultations are daily taking place, in which the respective merits of this or that article are discussed, while fancy work of all kinds is being surreptitiously carried on. Curiously significant signs and strategems are used which bewilder all who are not in the secret, while daily explorations are made by the emissaries of "Kriss Kringle" among the highways and by ways of the world of toys. After which huge packages are mysteriously smuggled in and carefully secreted in some stronghold into which curious eyes cannot penetrate. All these and many more are among the prominent indications of the coming Christmas, but among these pleasant influences, the brightest and happiest of all are the charming visions of the "night before Christmas," which comes to the little ones, filling their thoughts night and day with pictures of fathomless stockings, overflowing with riches from Kriss Kringle a visit.

The world of novelties and fantasies seems almost unlimited in extent, not only in articles for personal adornment, but in the immense field of toys, useful, ornamental as well as entertaining, and in the exercise of taste, skill and art, nothing has been left undone to attain perfection. Before turning to the attractions which are found in the endless variety of toys, let us look for a moment at the many novelties of dress ornament which have been presented for the Fashion for Christmas, for to many persons a gift of some article which proves a useful addition to their wardrobe is often preferable to anything else. At Wanamaker's Grand Depot, which our columns have made are this peculiarly favorable season, the most attractive variety of novelties is to be found. The *fichus* are exquisite in design and as useful as stylish. In crepe de Chine in delicate shades of pink, blue and cream, trimmed with a flossy fly fringe, they are from $3 to $5 each, in black with a *chenille* and *chaur de face* fringe, they are $3.75 and upwards. Another variety in fine French muslin edged with lace range from $1.50 upward. A charming and useful article, particularly for elderly ladies, is a square shawl *fichu* made of mohair in a delicate lace like design, in various colors black and white included; these are useful for evening wear when one point can be turned up over the head. The prices are $3 up to $7.

Variety and taste are visible in the many lovely neckties, jabots and scarfs in which novelty of color and design are represented, some having embroidered ends, others with lace in white or the new creton lace, which is lace embroidered in colored chenille and is fringed ends are in all the rich shades, price $1.50, while for from 25 cents up to $2, one has the list of cravat and scarf neckties to select from.

Another charming ornament in lace is made of tulle ribbon, lace and a bouquet of flowers, forming a *jabot* or *fichu* to sinu square neck trimming. These are from $5.00 up to $7.00, while dainty little cape consisting of a *fernale* quilling of lace with lace ruffle at the collar, and on one side a tiny bouquet, are sold for $3.00 upwards. From *fichus* let us look at the handkerchiefs, which are as useful as they are very pretty and moderate in price. Some of all linen with embroidered initial are from 6 cents up to sixty-five cents. silk handkerchiefs from eighteen cents up to $3.00, linen centres and silk borders thirty seven cents each, while more costly styles have embroidered scolloped edges, with a design worked in each scollop in colors—these are $4.25 and $5.00 each.

Fans are also sought after about this time, and here are a variety of charming designs, one with pearl sticks mounted with blue and white marabout trimming is $9.00, another has black carved sticks mounted in black satin with a border of natural ostrich feathers, price $7.50. Japanese styles are shown with silver sticks painted in colors, Japanese designs, which are also on the satin mounting, price, $7.50, and upward. A cheap novelty for children is one with a sticks, enabling a burning log, these are only twenty five cents, and make an attractive feature for Christmas trees.

Passing next allude to the novelties and attractions in dress materials, as we discussed that subject quite thoroughly before, but it cannot be considered the charming effect of the exquisite contrasts of color and material displayed for evening costume. A delicate cream tinted brocade is designed over a rich maroon velvet, the dark blue brocade is lighted up by a silvery design in light blue and draped over plain blue satin, and all the delicate shades of silk and *damasse* are arranged in exquisite contrasts, suggesting a desirable gift for some one in holiday time. One can take the metallic phase, cold and beginning at the highest point descend to the lowest, at which in one finds the neat tasteful print dress. All of which is something desirable within their limit price.

Let us look now at the variety of novelties useful as well as ornamental. Here are pocket books in all of various colors, with pincushion tops, some suitable for brush and combs, or gloves, others for jewelry, and the prices run from 25 cents up to $1.25. The lace covers which ornament them are in antique Duchesse, Arabesque and point Venise, from 50 cents up to $2.50. Ladies are always a useful ornament, and a great variety is shown in antique lace, others with appliqué design, others with lace and crewel embroidery. The prices are from 25 cents up to $2.50.

As we progress further among the useful we find pocket books, and handkerchief boxes lined with satin, in which rest an ivory brush, comb and glass, the price of which is $3.00, and the mirror as low as $5.00. The brushes separate are $2.00, the combs 75 cents. A pretty hand mirror with oxydized silver frame is $1.65. Work bags in Russian leather are shown in work cases furnished, writing desks, from $5.75 upwards. A pretty workstand is composed of three tiers covered with blue satin and mounted on bamboo sticks, the tiers are replete with every thing necessary for sewing, crocheting and knitting. The price of this useful article is $9.00. Work baskets lined with silk, large and substantial, are $3.00 upwards, and baskets in the form of Portuguese Bornlust, which can extend itself, some say, to ninety feet, and looks as Kingsley has said, a mere knotted hump, small enough to be put in a dessert-spoon. The little fish that chance to touch this slimy tape of living smoke-fluke has no chance of escape, for he is "played" with such a fishing line as the skill of a Wilson or a Stoddard never could invent."

wall pockets, paper knives—all range in price between 50 cents for the simple article, box or plate up to $8.75 for a small cabinet of drawers.

In plated ware there are curiously designed jewel caskets from $2.40 and upwards, card receivers from $2.00 and upwards, while napkin rings come out in every device. One represents a child holding the ring in a jumping rope. A useful little ornament was a stork in oxydized silver, holding a branch which formed a ring for a thimble stand and needle cushion, the price of which was $1.75. Childrens' cups are from 95 cents and upwards, goblets from $2.35 and upwards. Another handsome ornament was a spoon stand and call bell combined, the price of which was $7.00. Very pretty oxydized place, in which the pen was shilled. Dantez was banished from Russia, while elaborate gift from $3.50 up to $9.50. Toilette sets of bottles and powder box are from $1.00 and upwards. Jewel stands in painted porcelain from 70 cents and upwards, inkstands of curious device, vases from 40 cents up to $40.00 a pair. An exquisite blue Bohemian glass card receiver with vases was marked $17.00. An exquisite ornament for a library table represented a dog with a lamp, match box, blotter and thermometer, while a gilt ink stand formed the base, the price of which was $15.00. Another pretty toilette ornament was four cut glass bottles on a gilt stand, the handle of which was a dove holding a letter.

Our space scarcely permits further discussion in this number, but I must add to the list something about the wonderful and unexhaustible variety of fancy goods, which it became impossible to attempt leaving a more definite description for another occasion. Dolls of high and low degree, blondes, brunettes, negroes, child and maid, dressed with consummate taste and skill, are in charming array of pretty faces, and bewitching forms, and as well as young with their charms. Here is a wedding party, with the bride and groom in bridal dress, and the bridal party com plete in detail. Another group represent a coaching party, with the coach and four, grooms and the gaily dressed party.

Indeed all the festivities of high life in reality are reproduced among the doll creation, which reigns supreme over all the toy kingdom, for how few children there are who are not delighted by the presence of a doll at holiday times. Dressed in materials of fashion's latest designs, they cost from $2.50 and upwards, while others of less pretentious styles are as low as 50 cents. A pretty style is represented in a French *bonne* with coquettish cap and long apron, this costs only 50 cents. The mechanical toys are more wonderful and varied than ever. A fashionably dressed couple are waltzing to music played on an organ by another doll "Brudder Jones" delivers a sermon from a pulpit, steam cars make a rapid journey, and so on through an endless variety of moving mechanism.

Dolls wardrobes are sold complete in every detail, with jewelry consisting of comb, necklace, locket, earrings, and bracelets; dainty parasols from 50 cents to $1. Every variety of games in cards, building blocks, &c., which three or four games are combined in one, markets, stables, grocery stores, kitchens—with every utensil represented in miniature form,—menageries, wagons, substantial and strong, horses that neigh, cows and woolly lambs, hand organs, sets of furniture, tea sets, all match in the contents of this truly wonderful toy land, in which one can begin at 25 cents and go up in the scale to $100 and upwards. Coming to a middle ground, the musical toys, consisting of the metallophone, composed of two parallel bars of wood narrowing towards each other at one end, and strips of metal of various sizes placed across the entire length, each one representing a musical note, which when struck by a wooden ball attached to a stick, produces a soft musical sound, and when struck with nobody a number of musical airs can be produced. The price of this is from $1.50 to $2. I have scarcely space left to add much else, but I shall describe the wonders of toys at length in a future number and leave a little space to say a word, which just now monopolizes many fem inine thoughts.

The various styles of canvass are greater than ever, and are far superior to the old fashioned Penelope canvass which has been the foundation of fancy work for so many years. Plaid canvass in blue and white, yellow and black, red and white, black and white in large solid squares is 40 cents a yard. Bolting cloth canvass in each square. A canvass suitable for mats or rugs is Panama canvass, and is 70 cents a yard. Linen canvass for work baskets are shown this year, and make a charming and useful ornament for one's room. They are ornamented with clusters of cherries, made of the natural fruit ribbon, or are worked with various shaded wools in some design. These are sold all finished for $1.50. Both cardboard and chair backs are shown in the design stamped in light blue and draped over plain blue satin, and all the delicate shades of silk and *damasse* are arranged in exquisite contrasts, suggesting a desirable gift for some one in holiday time. One can take the metallophone, cold and beginning at the highest point descend to the lowest, at which in one finds the neat tasteful print dress. All of which is something desirable within their limit price.

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—To "treat a man coolly" let him stand ringing at the door bell about half an hour these cold mornings.

A SENSATIONAL STORY FROM RUSSIA.

A rather sensational story comes from Russia. The greatest poet of the Empire of the Czars (and there is a good deal of poetry both in Russian life and Russian literature) was a man of the name of Poushkine. His wife was not very faithful to him, and one evening, while a Frenchman of the name of Dantez, whom he suspected, was at his house, he put out the lamp, as if by accident, and kissed his wife, asking her pardon for the mishap. Taking advantage of the darkness, he had quickly blackened his lips with charcoal before kissing her, and then went out of the room with the lamp to light it again. When he came back Dantez had his lips all black. The next morning a duel took place, in which the poet was killed. banished from Russia, while the widow, after a few years' repentance, married the son of the Minister, Count Lanskoy, by whom she had a daughter This daughter married a Gen. Hartung, who recently shot himself in consequence of a verdict of guilty returned in a criminal suit brought against him by the wife of a money lender of the name of Sanfliehen It appears that the General had borrowed large sums of money from the Jewish capitalist, at the moderate rate of 200 per cent. per annum. In consequence of these loans, Sanfliehen, an intimate friend of ship sprang up between the creditor and the debtor, and the former appointed the latter executor of his will. At Sanfliehen's death Gen Hartung took possession of all his papers, and destroyed all the bills bearing the signature. When it became known to the deceased's widow, she brought an action against him. Count Lanskoy, the General's father in law, was also indicted, but the jury acquitted him, returning a verdict of guilty against the General, who blew out his brains in the very court room as soon as the verdict was returned, and before the Judge had time to pronounce sentence.

ENGLISH LAND OWNERS.

Mr. Conkling, the great New York Senator, has been much discussed in England for having said an ugly truth plain to speak. If that does you no good, it would be wise to consult a medical man.

Nearly a quarter of Scotland is owned by five men They are the Dukes of Athol, Argyll, Buccleugh, Sutherland, and the Earl of Breadalbane—this peer being able to ride all the way from Perth to Argyll line on his own land without coming in sight of a dwelling. Another quarter of Scotland is owned by forty men, and it is estimated that 130,000,000 of acres are owned by 130,000 persons. The gradual sweeping of the domain of Great Britain by a few monopolists is apparent. When they control the land they control the tenants and so on. The Duke of Northumberland invests £90,000 every year in enlarging his freehold land. The Duke of Bedford has a park with a wall around it fourteen miles in extent. In this park some 30,000 persons could be well housed and live comfortably and the Duke be a richer man. But no, the land monopolizers don't like that.

The Rothschild family has invested over £2,000,000 in freehold land this year, and land that produces nothing—mere park land.

W. H Smith, present First Lord of the Admiralty, and great newspaper vendor, has just added one more to his four landed estates, which jointly represent something like £600,000

The Duke of Westminster, the richest man in England, is constantly adding land and houses to his rent roll, and next year his income will be about £1,000,000, and go on increasing every succeeding year.

The Duke of Portman's estates have just been increased by £200,000, which makes his total income about £2,300,000 per annum.

Lord Portman, not long ago a comparatively poor man, has, by the falling in of leases, become some £800,000 per annum richer, making his gross income some £1,400,000 every year, and improving.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

KANGAROO LEATHER.—Kangaroo hides have already become an important article of export from Australia. The leather is a very pliable leather that is known, admirably fitted for bootlegs, gloves, and riding whips The skins are sent to Europe, some tanned, and some simply dried.

PRINTING PICTURES FROM PRINTS.—The page is a picture to be soaked in a solution of potash, and then in one of tartaric acid. This produces a perfect diffusion of crystals of tartrate of potash through the imprinted part of the paper. As this salt resists oil, the ink under may now be passed over the surface without transferring any ink expect to the printed part.

RESCUING BURNT STEEL.—The following recipe has been well recommended: Borax, 1½ lbs., sal ammoniac, ½ lb., prussiate of potash, ½ lb., resin 1 oz. Powder these ingredients finely together, add a gill each of water and alcohol, and roll out to a stiff paste in an iron kettle. Do not boil too long or it will become hard when cold. The burnt steel is dipped, while hot, in the composition and slightly hammered.

THE PRESERVE OF GOLD.—Protosulphate of iron gives a brown precipitate, which acquires a metallic lustre when boiled. Protochloride of tin gives a purple or blackish precipitate, insoluble in muriatic acid. Sulphuretted hydrogen and hydrosulphuret of ammonia give a black precipitate, insoluble in simple acids. Ammonia gives a reddish yellow precipitate (ruinuating gold) with tolerably concentrated solutions, either at once, or on boiling the liquid. Liquor of potassa gives, with neutral solutions of gold, a similar precipitate to that formed by ammonia, insoluble in excess.

ADULTERATED HORS.—The *Transactions* of the Medical Society of Upsala contains an account of an ingenious piece of rascality in the hop trade, said to be practised on a considerable scale in that city. Hops which have already been used for the making extract, or for brewing in the ordinary way, are damped with tincture of alcoholic, or wormwood, freed from spirit by distillation, redried, and then placed upon the market as a genuine article, with or without the addition of a little fresh bloom. Owing to their increased bitterness, they often command a better price than unadulterated hops.

PAPYER.—It has been ascertained that pepper contains a peculiar basic principle called "piperine," an acrid resin, a volatile oil, gum, starch, mucic and tartaric acids, etc. That known in commerce as "ground pepper" is usually adulterated with flour, sago, etc., which may easily be detected with the microscope. Piperine, when perfectly pure, is in colorless crystals, inodorous, and not alkaline. Pelletier says that when quite pure it is tasteless, Dr. Christison, however, states that the very wittiest crystals he ever found had a burning taste. The cure is a rapid one, and it is thought by some that the properties of pepper depend chiefly upon the resin.

CURE OF WINTER.—Astronomer Royal smyth, of the Royal observatory, Scotland, says that the coming Winter will be a severe one, tolerably cold. From the observations of earth temperatures over a period of thirty nine years, he finds that between 1837 and 1876 three great heat waves from without struck Great Britain; namely, the first in 1846, the second in 1868-9, and the third in 1876-7. The next one will probably come in 1879-5, within limits of half or a quarter of a year. The periods of minimum temperature, or greatest cold, are not in the middle time between the crests of these three heat waves, but are comparatively close up to them, on each side, at a distance of about a year and a half. Hence the next cold wave is due at the end of the present year, and very frigid weather may be looked for.

—When doctors disagree the patient's life is usually preserved.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CLARA H., (Beaton, Ind.)—We do not know anything of the institution you name.

L., (Tyler, Texas.)—Sir Richard Phillips' "Million of Facts," is but small authority.

ESQUIRE, (Hardin, Tenn.)—The same finger as that on which the wedding-ring is worn.

J.O., (Ottawa, Kan.)—Oxymuriatic acid will take most descriptions of ink out of paper without injuring the print on the leaf.

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The Rothschild family has invested over £2,000,000 in freehold land this year, and land that produces nothing—mere park land.

W. H Smith, present First Lord of the Admiralty, and great newspaper vendor, has just added one more to his four landed estates, which jointly represent something like £600,000

The Duke of Westminster, the richest man in England, is constantly adding land and houses to his rent roll, and next year his income will be about £1,000,000, and go on increasing every succeeding year.

The Duke of Portman's estates have just been increased by £200,000, which makes his total income about £2,300,000 per annum.

Lord Portman, not long ago a comparatively poor man, has, by the falling in of leases, become some £800,000 per annum richer, making his gross income some £1,400,000 every year, and improving.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

KANGAROO LEATHER.—Kangaroo hides have already become an important article of export from Australia. The leather is a very pliable leather that is known, admirably fitted for bootlegs, gloves, and riding whips The skins are sent to Europe, some tanned, and some simply dried.

PRINTING PICTURES FROM PRINTS.—The page is a picture to be soaked in a solution of potash, and then in one of tartaric acid. This produces a perfect diffusion of crystals of tartrate of potash through the imprinted part of the paper. As this salt resists oil, the ink under may now be passed over the surface without transferring any ink expect to the printed part.

RESCUING BURNT STEEL.—The following recipe has been well recommended: Borax, 1½ lbs., sal ammoniac, ½ lb., prussiate of potash, ½ lb., resin 1 oz. Powder these ingredients finely together, add a gill each of water and alcohol, and roll out to a stiff paste in an iron kettle. Do not boil too long or it will become hard when cold. The burnt steel is dipped, while hot, in the composition and slightly hammered.

THE PRESERVE OF GOLD.—Protosulphate of iron gives a brown precipitate, which acquires a metallic lustre when boiled. Protochloride of tin gives a purple or blackish precipitate, insoluble in muriatic acid. Sulphuretted hydrogen and hydrosulphuret of ammonia give a black precipitate, insoluble in simple acids. Ammonia gives a reddish yellow precipitate (ruinuating gold) with tolerably concentrated solutions, either at once, or on boiling the liquid. Liquor of potassa gives, with neutral solutions of gold, a similar precipitate to that formed by ammonia, insoluble in excess.

ADULTERATED HORS.—The *Transactions* of the Medical Society of Upsala contains an account of an ingenious piece of rascality in the hop trade, said to be practised on a considerable scale in that city. Hops which have already been used for the making extract, or for brewing in the ordinary way, are damped with tincture of alcoholic, or wormwood, freed from spirit by distillation, redried, and then placed upon the market as a genuine article, with or without the addition of a little fresh bloom. Owing to their increased bitterness, they often command a better price than unadulterated hops.

PAPYER.—It has been ascertained that pepper contains a peculiar basic principle called "piperine," an acrid resin, a volatile oil, gum, starch, mucic and tartaric acids, etc. That known in commerce as "ground pepper" is usually adulterated with flour, sago, etc., which may easily be detected with the microscope. Piperine, when perfectly pure, is in colorless crystals, inodorous, and not alkaline. Pelletier says that when quite pure it is tasteless, Dr. Christison, however, states that the very wittiest crystals he ever found had a burning taste. The cure is a rapid one, and it is thought by some that the properties of pepper depend chiefly upon the resin.

CURE OF WINTER.—Astronomer Royal smyth, of the Royal observatory, Scotland, says that the coming Winter will be a severe one, tolerably cold. From the observations of earth temperatures over a period of thirty nine years, he finds that between 1837 and 1876 three great heat waves from without struck Great Britain; namely, the first in 1846, the second in 1868-9, and the third in 1876-7. The next one will probably come in 1879-5, within limits of half or a quarter of a year. The periods of minimum temperature, or greatest cold, are not in the middle time between the crests of these three heat waves, but are comparatively close up to them, on each side, at a distance of about a year and a half. Hence the next cold wave is due at the end of the present year, and very frigid weather may be looked for.

—When doctors disagree the patient's life is usually preserved.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CLARA H., (Beaton, Ind.)—We do not know anything of the institution you name.

L., (Tyler, Texas.)—Sir Richard Phillips' "Million of Facts," is but small authority.

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THE ANGEL AND THE MATCH GIRL.

FOUNDED ON A DANISH TALE OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

I.
The cold wind blew, and the snow fell fast,
As night was drawing near;
Around was winter's mantle cast,
The last day of the year.

II.
Along the dusky cheerless street
A little match-girl passed;
Bare-headed she, with shoeless feet,
Was freezing in the blast.

III.
Within her ragged dress she tried
To bear her little load
Of matches, all in bundles tied
To sell along the road.

IV.
She'd wandered far, and now was worn
With hunger and with cold;
But not one bundle since the morn
Of matches had she sold.

V.
With chattering teeth she went her way,
A sight of worldly woe;
Her fair looks to the wind a play,
Made beauty by the snow.

VI.
In every window 'long the road,
Though sad to her so near,
A cheerful ruddy light there glowed,
To greet the coming year.

VII.
She thought of home, how to return
With sore, tired, weary feet;
Oh, could she some few pennies earn
In walking through the street.

VIII.
Ah, home, it was not home to her!
No cheering father smiled;
Here were no mother's accents dear
To meet the shivering child.

IX.
At length she in a corner crept,
To shelter from the blast;
And there she lay and sighed and wept,
Unseen by those who passed.

X.
Beneath her tattered skirt she drew
Her frost benumbed feet,
A cover from the wind that blew
In gusts adown the street.

XI.
"Alas," she thought, "could I but light
The flame of one small match,
The glow would be so warm and bright,
I would help me to my watch."

XII.
She drew one forth, and rubbed it hard
Upon the cold wall's side;
And soon the flame, by nothing marred,
A grateful glow supplied.

XIII.
How warm and cheerful was the light!
Ah, how it burned and flared!
To her it brought a vision bright,
As fitful it upreared.

XIV.
She sat before a pot-bed stove,
And saw the fire light play;
She thought from there she would not move
Until the dawn of day.

XV.
But soon the little flame had waned,
The large warm stove had fled,
And in her hand there now remained
A match-end cold and dead.

XVI.
A second match against the wall
Was struck it burned so wild,
Again a vision's clouding pall
O'ercame the starving child.

XVII.
She saw a chamber fine,
The tables all outspread;
Set out were viands, fruit, and wine,
From which the guests had fled.

XVIII.
Again the little match light waned,
Again the vision fled;
Darkness and cold around her reigned,
The snow once more her bed.

XIX.
But soon another match's light
Revalled another vision:
A Christmas tree in beauty bright,
Before her eyes had risen.

XX.
Ten tapers on the branches green
In thousands shed their glow;
The presents, set in showy sheen,
Seemed laughing at all woe.

XXI.
The starving child stretched forth her hand
To seize the luring gifts;
Again, as by a fairy's wand,
The festive scene uplifts.

XXII.
The match went out, the lights rise high,
Up higher now they speed,
Until they vanish in the sky;
She sees them from her bed.

XXIII.
In turn another match she lights,
In turn another dream;
Angels bright in throngs she sights,
Arrayed as one bright gleam.

XXIV.
A star she sees amid the sky,
Her mother's angel bright
"O mother, take me home to die!"
She cries, with outfolds bright.

XXV.
"I know your form will disappear
When'er the match light wanes;
You'll vanish like the food and fire,
And leave me in my pains,"

XXVI.
But ere this one small light had died,
Before her mother fled,
She struck the handful by her side,
To keep her by the bed.

XXVII.
And as the matches' ruddy glow
Made night more bright than day,
She minded not the wind or snow,
But let her wild locks play.

XXVIII.
Her mother ne'er before was seen
So beauteously arrayed—
Bedecked in angel's glorious sheen,
The lights around her played.

XXIX.
Within her arms her child she pressed
Far upwards then she flies,
And gains her regions of the blessed,
Beyond the starry skies.

XXX.
There, free from hunger, care and pain,
Where none but saints have trod,
The mother-angel back again,
Has brought her child to God.

XXXI.
The New Year's transient sun had come,
The child was cold and dead;
It shone upon a body numb
From which the soul had fled.

T. A. P. M.

CLOCKS THAT STRIKE TWICE.—Church clocks in the Pays Basque, France, always strike twice. This is because clocks in houses are rare, except ornamental ones, which are generally more for show than use; also because many persons cannot read the hands of the clock, and in out-of-the-way places there is frequently no minute hand. The clocks of the church strikes the first time to give warning, and then the second time every one listens for the true hour.

THE RUSSIAN TERROR.—The greatest terror of the Russian peasant is the "Red Cock," as he calls fires, which are of alarming frequency throughout the empire. They are caused by the ramshackle construction of the wooden houses, and the length of the winter, which demands so much more firing; whilst in the summer the heat is so great that houses, forests and meadows become as dry as tinder, and the simplest spark is sufficient to cause immense conflagrations, which, at times assume the features of regular epidemics.

LONDON'S RESORT OF FASHION.

A century and a half ago, Brighton, Eng., or as it was then called, Bright-Helmston, was a little fishing town upon which the sea was continually making encroachments. Surveyed by engineers, it was found that the cost of making an embankment to protect the land from the ravages of the ocean would be $400,000. That was considered too much for the Government to spend upon Brighton. The banks were however, improved bit by bit, and in 1753 the fashionable world began to hear the first words about "Brighton air and Brighton water." Dr. Russell, who was known in fashionable London circles, went to live there. He tried the effect of sea bathing and the local waters and praised them. He ordered his patients to follow his example. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough acted upon his advice. They were followed by the Northumberland and other aristocratic families. Where the shining lights of society became fixed stars their satellites soon began to twinkle. Brighton grew apace. In 1782, George, Prince of Wales, who afterwards became George IV., selected a sight at Brighton for a new royal residence. London and other great centers began to find the new watering place attractive, and at the beginning of the present century there were lodging houses and hotels enough to accommodate 800 visitors. In 1807 a hand some theatre was built and opened by Mr. and Mrs. Kemble with the tragedy of "Hamlet." In 1820 the present chain pier was built; in 1829 the present sea-wall was completed, at a cost of $500,000; in 1841 railway trains began to run between Brighton and London, and in 1877 parlor cars, special expresses, trains that never stop on their way between London and Brighton, with convenient hours, and hundreds of city merchants live at Brighton and run up and down a hundred miles a day from their offices to the sea in less time than a cab used to take them to their suburban villas at Hampstead or Hammersmith, while the great population of London in the Summer time are taken to and fro in a day, and nine hours given them by the sea, for $1.

The architecture of Brighton is a curious mixture of the classic and the Gothic, and throwing into the picture the domes and minarets of the Pavilion, we get a touch of the Moorish, Chinese, and Egyptian. In spite of these incongruities, Brighton may fairly be called a magnificent city. The Pavilion was formerly a royal residence. Designed by the great architect Nash, it was built under the superintendence of George IV. himself, when he was Prince of Wales. It looks like the palace of some Great Mogul. If Nash had invented the building from a description in the Arabian Nights, he could hardly have realized more completely an Eastern palace of the imagination. It is a mixture of Moorish Hindoo, Chinese, and Egyptian, and sets one thinking of Baghdad and the Prince Al Raschid. In 1850 there was joy in Brighton, for this magnificent monstrosity was purchased from the Crown by the local authorities for $265,000, and it is now used for all kinds of public purposes. It contains concert-rooms, libraries, ball-rooms, banqueting halls, skating rink, and its music-room is one of the finest in the United Kingdom. The royal stables have been converted into what is called the Dome Assembly Room, where 3,000 persons can be conveniently seated, and recently large additions have been made which give the additional attractions of a museum and picture gallery. But the most popular institution of Brighton is the Royal Aquarium, the most perfect thing of its kind in Europe. The establishment has been literarily dug and blocked out of the rocks. It is under ground. The vast galleries, concert-rooms, restaurants, and long corridors of tanks are all more or less excavations. The entrance hall is 80 feet by 45, and the longest corridor in the building is 220 feet, broken in the center by a vestibule 55 feet by 45 feet. This vista is imposing at first blush, and as you traverse it there is ample delight for the mind. The tanks are ranged on both sides and are spacious and full of fish. One of the tanks is 110 feet by 40 feet, and contains 110,000 gallons of water. It has been occupied by several porpoises; at the present time a large family of sturgeon are disporting themselves in this miniature sea. Beyond this corridor there is a conservatory, with miniature lakes for seals; at others points are rocky glens for live sea birds, there is a corridor of tanks full of fresh water fish, and you may ramble about for hours, continually coming upon new features of interest in the way of natural history, to say nothing of unexpected billard rooms, newsrooms, and cozy cafes. On the top of the aquarium there are handsome terrace gardens, with balconies overlooking a skating rink and a wide stretch of the open sea.

MIRRORS.

Without mirrors, those essential articles of the toilet, how many of the charms of fashion would be lost! In the dance these multiply to sight the forms and motions of beauty, and extend, so to speak, the range of vision. That was a pretty conceit of the blind bard in representing Eve as discovering her beauty

"In a smooth lake that seemed another sky.
A shape within the watery gleam appeared,
Bending to look at me. I started back;
It started back; but pleased I soon returned.
Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love. There had I fixed
Mine eyes till now, pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warned me: 'What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thy self.'"

In the British Museum are early Egyptian mirrors of bronze, mounted with strange designs, such as a tress of hair, a lotos sceptre, a hawk's head, a column, the goddess Athor, or other female figures, monsters, etc. It is not unlikely that metallic basins highly polished were very common forms of mirrors. The ancients made drinking vessels to reflect the likeness of those drinking in them. The mirrors of the women who assembled at the door of the tabernacle in Jerusalem were a great brazen laver. A mirror is the fitting emblem or symbol of Venus, and now represents her in astronomy. Silver mirrors were introduced into Italy 1,500 years ago. The Spaniards when they went to Mexico made swords of the mirrors used by the Aztecs, and in Peru found mirrors of silver, copper and brass. Early English mirrors were of silver and steel and glass, with a black foil backing, which however, are as old as the Romans. Peckham, who died A. D. 1292, writes in a treatise on optics, dated A. D. 1279, of mirrors of iron, steel and polished marble.

THE FOOD OF THE OSTRICH.—The ostrich has the reputation of eating anything that comes in its way. Large heaps of stones are required at the farms of Cape Colony, and the young birds relish small nails amazingly. A tame ostrich has been seen to snatch a bundle of keys, and swallow them with the greatest gusto.

There is nothing more beautiful than a lady of eighty or sixteen.

The following touching song, etc., is taken from "Stoddart's Musical Library," each number of which contains several choice pieces for the voice or instrument, printed on regular music paper, full size. 12 pages for 10 cents. Sample copies mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents and 2 cents postage, by the publishers, J. M. STODDART & Co., 720 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

"OUT OF WORK."

(SONG AND CHORUS.)

Words and Music by ALICE HAWTHORNE,

Author of "I Listen to the Mocking Bird," "What is Home without a Mother," etc., etc.

Moderato.
PIANO. or ORGAN.
1. Out of
2. I have
work without a pen - ny, Out of heart without a friend, Seek - ing
babes that watch my com - ing, Chil - dren cry - ing now for bread; Oh, then
one among the ma - ny, With a help - ing hand to lend, I have
chide me not for roam - ing, They are wait - ing to be fed, In an
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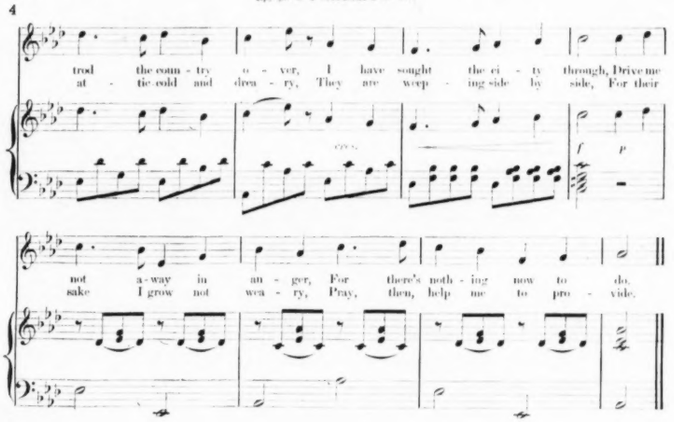
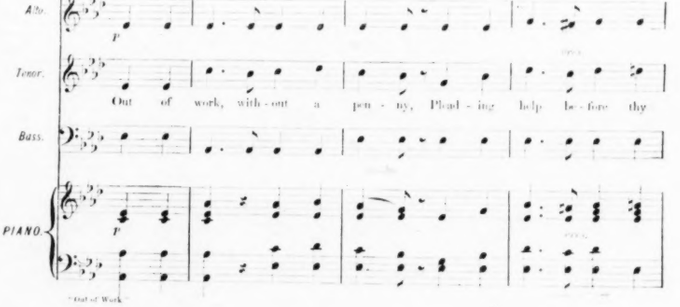

4
trod the coun - try o - ver, I have sought the ci - ty through, Drive me
at - tic cold and drea - ry, They are weep - ing side by side, For their
not a-way in an - ger, For there's noth - ing now to do,
sake I grow not wea - ry, Pray, then, help me to pro - vide.

CHORUS.


Air.
Out of work, with - out a pen - ny, Plead - ing help be - fore thy
Alto.
Tenor.
Out of work, with - out a pen - ny, Plead - ing help be - fore thy
Bass.
PIANO.

"Out of Work."

5
door, With-out friends a-mong the ma-ny, Look with pi-ty on the poor.
door, With-out friends a-mong the ma-ny, Look with pi-ty on the poor.
cres.

3.

Must I look in vain for pity
From the hearts on which I call?
Must I starve in this great city,
Where there's food enough for all?
Must I wander sad and lonely,
Like an outcast, day by day?
Give me but thy favor only;
Drive me not, my friends, away.—CHORUS.

GIVING AND TAKING.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Who gives and hides the giving hand,
Nor counts on favors fame or praise,
Shall find his smallest gift outweighs
The burden of the sea and land.

Who gives to whom hath nought been given,
His gift is need, though small indeed;
As is the grass blade's wind-borne seed,
Is large as earth and rich as heaven.

Forget it not, O man, to whom
A gift shall fall while yet on earth,
Yea, even to the seven fold birth,
Reveal it in the lives to come.

Who broods above a wrong in thought
Shall know of sin the deadliest cost,
The patience of the heaven is lost
Behelding man's unthankfulness.

For he who breaks all laws may still
In Heaven's mercy be forgiven,
But none can save in earth or heaven
The wretch who answers good with ill.

Only a Song.

BY J. S.

It is not the custom to eat Christmas dinners the day before Christmas, but this is what little Max expected to do, and to accomplish it he had risen before day-light, and, breakfasting upon a bowl of bread and milk, had set out in the grey dawn upon his seven-mile walk.

It was true that all the choir boys who had no fathers or mothers to provide dinners for them, were to dine on Christmas day with the parish children, but although there would be speeches, songs and nuts without limit, Max felt that the real thing was to be the dinner with old Father Gottlieb. When he left home in the morning old Mrs. Brewer had put her head out of the door, and shaking her cap strings, had called over to her opposite neighbor that a green Christmas made a fat church yard. Max thought, as he trudged along the Christmas would not be green for that a snow storm would soon make it white enough, was certain. As long as there had been gleams of early sunshine in the wintry sky, and while houses stood along the road, Max walked on cheerily, but now the sky was grey and cloudy, the wind was damp and disagreeable, and the road lonely and deserted. But Max would not have been daunted by these circumstances, not by his tired little legs, had it not been that he was now perplexed about his duty, and didn't know whether to go on or turn back. When he came to old Jones' stile he sat down to think about it, remembering rather doubtfully that as he had passed the three mile stone, it was as easy to turn back as go on, but then it was easy to turn go on to turn back, so that made matters more even.

Max's trouble was, that he was the head chorister in the boy choir, and so however they were to sing a mass, in which he had a principal part, of course, but more than that, he had a solo that was expected to surprise and please every one. Mr Willis the choir master, had charged him, when he gave him per mission to go, to be very careful not to take cold, said to come back early. Now a storm might come and not only delay him, but give him cold if he walked back in it, and then what would Mr. Willis say! I do not mean to assert that Max was more prudent than most boys, but he knew what a cold meant to a singer, and he was very anxious to distinguish himself to-morrow.

But then, what would Father Gottlieb think? Father Gottlieb was only an old German, who lived in a little house on the almshouse grounds, but he was the oldest and best friend Max had, and the boy loved him dearly.

When Max was little more than a baby, he had been found wandering alone in the road. No one claimed him, no one could be found who knew anything of him, and no one at the house could understand his baby German until old Gottlieb came there. Gottlieb had been a musician in his own country, and had come to America to live with an old pupil, but on board ship New York had been taken to a hospital. When he recovered he had no money, the pupil's address, he was old and weak, and so he had been sent to the almshouse where he found little Max. The two became fast friends. Gottlieb nursed Max, he taught him to read and what was more important—to sing. I am not going to praise the manner in which Max read German and English several had become so mixed that no one could have understood such a lingo, but I can say what I please if I heard of his singing. Mr Willis had heard of him, and when he went out to see if he really sang so splendidly, old Gottlieb told him that there wasn't another boy in America who had such a voice, and I believe he was right. I wish he was here this minute to sing, and then every one would know that neither old Gottlieb nor I can be wrong in thinking he was worth being proud of and praising. At any rate Mr Willis thought so and per suaded the overseers of the poor, who had Max in care, to let him have the boy to educate as a musician. Poor Gottlieb was almost broken hearted when he found the boy would have to go, but he thought there was no profession equal to music, and so he tried to be brave and of good heart.

So you see Max had some reason for his perplexity even if he had not known that Father Gottlieb had a present as well as a welcome for him. For Gottlieb, had told him that if he came home the day before Christmas he would find that the Christ child had brought him the most wonderful thing in the world.

So how could he go back and lose his visit and his gift?

Yet how could he go on and perhaps become hoarse, and not be able to sing his solo?

At last he decided to leave it to chance. There was a large white covered wagon coming up the road and he determined that if it had one mate in it he would go on, but if it had two he would turn back. But this was not as fair as one might think for while it was uncertain whether the one in it was or was not a mate, it was very certain that there would be one.

Max felt that so much depended on this, that when the wagon came near enough for him to see into it he would not look, but turned his head, taking good care then a glance to see how near it was, but taking care to look down at the wheels and not up into the wagon. When it came up to the chestnut tree he meant to look.

At last it came, and Max looked up. There were two men in it! His poor little heart went into his boots, indeed, go back! How could he!

One of the men was Joe Sullivan, who supplied the almshouse with meat, and who used to give Max pieces for his dog. He hardly knew the boy at the first glance, but just as they were passing he pulled up the horses with a sudden jerk.

"Look here, my lad," he called, leaning out of the wagon, "don't you belong to the Bettering House?"

"I used to live there," said Max.

"And now you're running away," said Joe sternly, "but you'd better run back my boy! I'm not stealing away from bread and butter and that don't grow along the hedges this time of year, let me tell you!"

"Oh, indeed sir!" cried Max eagerly running up to him, "I am not running away! I was going back, I live with Christmas dinner with Father Gottlieb."

"You did," said Joe, still distrustful but somewhat convinced by the new clothes, "what do you do?"

"I sing in the choir."

"Yes, yes," replied the man, "I heard you could sing. But may be Mr Willis don't want you any more."

"Of course he does," replied Max indignantly, "I am the only boy who can sing the solo."

Joe laughed. "And so you had to foot it Fourteen miles is a good length for a little boy who sings. Come Bob, turn to the second man, "squeeze up, and we'll give him a lift."

Max forgot all about the decision he had just made, and jumped into the wagon with a gay heart feeling that it was now certain that he would see Father Gottlieb. The horses trotted gaily along, the wheels moved swift—over the frozen ground, but nothing could go as fast as the voice of little Max or no one could be happier. He told Joe and Bob all about Mr Willis, the choir, Harry Ellis, his particular friend among the boys, the music they had to sing, and finally the present he was to receive. The men cared very little for his news about the choir and the music, although they listened with attention, it being all new to them, but Gottlieb's present affected Joe who replied with a saying.

"It's like enough." These old Dutchmen always have money put away in a corner, or up the chimney behind a crack.

"That's what he means by the Christ child bringing it, said Bob, "you know they always make out that he puts presents in stockings, and that he comes down the chimney."

That's Santa Claus," said Max.

"Well, it's about the same thing, an swered Bob, "but he'd better give it to you than leave it to the almshouse."

"Yes," said Joe, "and I tell you Max, you give it to Mr Willis to put in the bank for you until you grow up. You'll be tired of singing then, and you'll be glad of something tidy to set you up in business."

Max looked at them in some dismay He had thought of a knife, a violin, or may be a fairy book, but money that he was not to spend was not a pleasant idea. However, he thought perhaps he could have enough to go with Harry Ellis to the circus or buy a copy of the Arabian Nights that old Collins had on his book stall, and that would be simply splendid Just then the horses turned into the Almshouse lane and there stood old Gottlieb with his great red scarf around his neck, his eyes looking out for Max, but surprised to see him come riding up in such style. But this was not all, for Joe, who was certainly in a Christmas humour told Max that he had to go back to town that afternoon for more turkeys and if he would be ready by five o'clock he would take him along.

Gottlieb's house was as bright as his face had been in its greeting to Max.

There were Christmas greens around the walls, asparagus boughs over the pictures, the fire burned gaily, the dinner was cooking, and the odor of festivity was truly delightful. And it was a good dinner too.—There was a chicken stew and tougher chicken than Gottlieb's little black hen is often eaten, potatoes were boiling in their jackets and roasting in the oven, and the hominy was being stirred by the best of all, cranberries and a plump mince-pie were in the cupboard.

If Max had been a young prince Gottlieb could not have had a more royal dinner for him.

But the most astonishing part was that he could eat so much and talk as fast.

Talking to Joe and Bob was all very nice, but to talk to Gottlieb was quite an other thing. He was not only interested, but he knew what Max meant when he talked of actors and of high A and B. Once he made Max stop eating and sing something to him. It was only a scrap, however and did not interrupt much for then they cleared everything away, and sitting and then Gottlieb sat down to smoke his pipe and Max to pick out his hickory nuts with a crooked fork.

For sometime Gottlieb sat and smoked in silence, while Max thought that it must soon be time to speak of his present.

"Is this solo is hard?"

Pretty hard replied Max, "but I know it."

"Sing it, said Gottlieb.

Max looked up in surprise.

"Why you don't like me to sing so soon after dinner?"

"I do to-day for thou hast to go early."

So Max put down his nuts and stood up by his old teacher and began his song. At first he was a little nervous, for Gottlieb looked gruff and his voice was a little hoarse, but soon he conquered this and his tones rang out clear and sweet.

Gottlieb smiled with joy when he finished, but all he said was—

"Then hast done well. Yes, thou dost deserve what the Christ child shall give thee."

The color mounted to Max's face as Gottlieb arose and went slowly into the next room. Max heard him go to an old chest where he kept all his treasures. He knew the sound of the heavy lid, the light lift one lid and then the little paper. His heart beat quick and fast, for what might not the Christ child send him?

But all Gottlieb brought back was a small piece of music paper, old and worn.

The old man did not notice how quickly the child's eyes filled with tears, his lips trembled, but calling him to his side gave the paper to him, my child, for I am going to give thee something I never meant any one but Lisette to have, but my heart turns to thee as I did to her, and thou shalt be heir with her. How often have I told thee of Lisette? Yes, thou knowest how she had a voice that a prima donna might envy and that she was the sweetest dove that ever lived. Ah, when she came daily to me I loved her, but after she was married and Egbert, her husband, came to America and left her with her baby in my care, my heart beat only as she willed it to beat. It was only then I wrote this cradle song that I shall give thee. My child. I am an old man now, Max, and I know all such a cradle song as this ever written parted with it, but I wrote it only for Lisette. The Sontag heard her sing it to the baby and she begged Lisette to give it to her, to let her hear it once more, but I forbid it, although the great singer promised she would make me famous through it, but I wrote it for love, not for name, not for money. But thou, dear child, thou Lisette is dead, but her sweet voice seems to live in thee. And now Max sing it, for I would hear it once more."

Little Max had listened with glistening eyes and full of love and faith had forgotten all about his visions of knife and book. When Gottlieb gave him the yellow paper written in a cramped German hand he had learned to read so readily, he trembled, but after looking at it a moment the melody seemed to reveal itself to him, and he began to softly sing it. I am not an old man and I do not know all music, but with Father Gottlieb I declare that there never was such a cradle song as this. It had but one fault, and that was that it was so lovely that I do not see how any baby could go to sleep while it was being sung. Max sang it through in a voice as soft as velvet, as sweet as violets, and when he had finished laid down the paper and folding his hands softly, knelt down by the old man and sang it all over again.

The tears were running down the cheeks of Father Gottlieb as he caught the boy in his arms and cried out

"It is thine, thine by gift, thine by birthright! To think that I should hear thee sing it thus! Why it is hearing Lisette once more! Then dost linger and glide as she did. Ah! the Christ child indeed meant it for thee!"

"Why," said Max, trembling, flushed and smiling, "it seems to me as I have always known it!"

* * * * * * *

When Joe stopped for Max he found him with his hat and coat on, Father Gottlieb's scarf tied around his throat, two red apples and pinned into an inner pocket of his jacket the precious Christmas gift. The two men, for Bob was along, hardly waited for the wagon to start before they asked Max what Gottlieb had given him. When they heard that it was "only a song," as Joe exclaimed, they laughed and joked about it; till the poor child's eyes filled with tears and his heart beat quick with indignation. It had become something sacred and dear to him and he vehemently wished that he could show them in some way that it was not as much to be despised as they thought.

But Joe and Bob had not much musical enthusiasm, having, as Joe apologetically remarked when he saw how hurt Max was at their jokes, much more judgment in the matter of turkeys and beef. They tried to atone still further by promising to come to church the next day to hear him sing, but even this generous offer could not smooth the offense away, and little Max was glad when the wagon stopped a few strides from Mr. Willis' house and he bid them good night.

When the next morning came the ground was white with a light snow, the air was clear, everyone was in a holiday humour, but no one was happier than Max, who ran off all in a glow to church with his new Christmas mittens and cap on, and the song still in his pocket. He had quite forgotten all the rough jokes Joe and Bob had made at Gottlieb's expense, but he had not forgotten the song itself. He sang it while he was dressing, he hummed it as he ate his breakfast, he ran through the streets to the tune, and while he was busy with the other boys in getting the music in order, and in putting on their white robes, he was so bewitched with the song that he could hardly help singing it aloud. But at last the hour for service came and the long line of young choristers, all in their white dresses, began the processional hymn and slowly filled in towards the chancel. The church was filled with people, the evergreens hung heavily from the arches, the organ pealed, and little Max sang out with all his heart and soul in a right joyous Christmas hymn.

And so the service went on, prayer, blessing and praise, all in order, all full of Christmas thankfulness, and when, after a choral, in which Max sang so clearly and beautifully that Mr. Willis smiled on him the people murmured softly, one to the other, the time for his solo came and the organ took up the prelude, while Max, stepping a little in front of his companions stood ready to sing. But it is one thing to sing with the support of others and with the organ, but quite another to sing alone. When the organ died away, but flushes ran through the boy he became cold, his face paled and his voice seemed dead. All was perfectly still, everyone waited. But Max could not utter a sound, nor could he remember a note of what he was going to sing so great was his fright. He looked at Mr. Willis, but it was dim and confused. Suddenly in a pew near him he saw Father Gottlieb with Joe and Bob, back to his senses and without an effort the melody burst spontaneously from his lips and rang brightly through the church.

There was a flutter among the choristers, Mr. Willis started from his seat, lady near by sprang up and was only held back by a gentleman who was by her. But no one spoke, and still Max sang on, the sweetest and loveliest of airs, but as he softly let the last notes die away, he grew for he had sung—not his solo—but Father Gottlieb's cradle song! He gave one quick, frightened glance around the church, everything whirled around him and as he fell fainting into the arms of Harry Ellis, a lady rushed up the aisle and leaning far over the chancel rail cried out

"My boy! my boy!"

When Max came to himself he was in the vestry room. He was lying in a great chair and his head rested on a lady's shoulder, while her pretty blue eyes, so like his own, beamed down upon him. Near by stood Gottlieb, all aglow with joy, and by him a gentleman.

And so my story has told itself for everyone knows that this was Max's mother and that she was Lisette. No wonder he caught the song as he did, for how many, many times had she sung it to him, how many times had he sat on her lap and sung it after her!

It was a simple story of his loss she told Her nurse had stopped to look at a procession and the child had wandered from her. They had searched and searched for her, "and now," she said, turning to Father Gottlieb, and holding both his hands, "to think that you have been the care of these years, and that your dear song, that I have never sung since I lost my boy, should have given him back to me!"

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"Well," said Joe to Bob, as they drove home, "that was a fine gift after all, now wasn't it, if it was only a song? I guess Max was right and the Christ-child had something to do it!"

—Mme. C. Meares, the head of one of the oldest young ladies' schools in New York, died last Saturday week. She was a notable woman in many ways, and educated a great many of the most charming ladies in New York city.

NEWS NOTES.

—The Pope is much better in health.

—There is a strong feeling against Russia among the people of Hungary.

—The Marsh Harvester Company, of Sycamore, Illinois, have made an assignment.

—An eye and ear hospital has been organized at Baltimore under Presbyterian auspices.

—A St. Petersburg despatch places the total Russian loss, up to December 13, at 77,658 men.

—Liver pudding, boiled in a copper kettle, has poisoned 23 persons at White Haven, New York.

—The recent movements and conflicts at the seat of the Eastern war, have all been in favor of Russia.

—A Constantinople despatch says: "The Chamber of Deputies has elected a Christian as its President."

—Ham, the Kansas City land swindler, has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary at Austin, Texas.

—During the season just closed, the loss, by accidents in the St. Lawrence, to ocean steamers and cargoes amounted to $680,650.

—Ex President Grant arrived at Genoa, Friday, in the United States steamer "Vandalia," and, after visiting the city, left for Leghorn on Saturday.

—On Saturday the President nominated, and the Senate confirmed ex-Governor McCormick, of Arizona, to be Commissioner-General to the Paris Exposition.

—Owing to the stringent enforcement of the Sunday liquor law New York was exceedingly quiet last Sunday, and but little drunkenness noticeable on the streets.

—The county jail at Georgetown, Colorado, was forced by a mob on Saturday morning, and a notorious rough named Schamine, charged with murder, was taken out and lynched.

—The troubles between the citizens of Texas and those of the bordering parts of Mexico have now taken such shape that the President has been called upon for troops.

—St. Mary's new Catholic Cathedral at Boston was consecrated Sunday. Archbishop Williams officiated, assisted by a large number of clergy. The building cost $225,000.

—Turkey has issued a protocol to the great powers, stating its position in the present war, and what it is ready to do in the matter of continuing the war, or treating for peace.

—At Cincinnati, Louisa Weber, wife of Oscar Weber, on Sunday, cut her own and the throat of her infant, in a fit of insanity. The infant will die, but the mother is expected to recover.

—Captain General Jouvellar denies the report recently published to the effect that Maximo Gomez, a Cuban insurgent, had captured a convoy, guarded by 600 Spanish soldiers, and worth $1,000,000.

—On November 25th the United States flagship Powhatan, Curtis, Light bear. ing N. W. by N. thirteen miles distant, passed a large vessel sunk. Her lower mast-heads showed about eight feet above water; her topmasts were gone.

—H. D. Koons, an ex-member of the Pennsylvania State Legislature, was tried at Wilkesbarre Saturday, for the embezzlement of $1,200 from an Odd Fellows' lodge. The jury returned a verdict of guilty. Koons has applied for a new trial.

—James McClendon, colored, was hanged at Bastrop, La., on Friday, in the presence of two thousand persons, for the murder of C. W. Evans, a year ago. The Supreme Court at East Cambridge, Mass, Saturday, Lucy Ann Mink, who was convicted some months since, in Lowell, of manslaughter, in causing the death of Charles Hickey, in that city, by shooting him with a pistol, was sentenced to nine years in the house of correction.

—Since the beginning of the regular session of Congress, the Deficiency and Para Expenditure bills for the relief of the sufferers by the loss of the Huron have become laws. The joint resolution providing to have works to promote the navigation of the Mississipi river," has also become a law.

—Several Cheyenne Indian chiefs had a satisfactory consultation with General Sheridan at Chicago, Saturday, in which they expressed a desire to remain in the General Mills and assist him in case of an Indian outbreak in the Spring. They were informed, however, that their only future hope of their preservation in Indian Territory early in April.

HOUSEKEEPER.

TO PREVENT PIE-CRUST FROM SOAKING.—Glaze the under crust with beaten egg.

CREAM PIE.—1 pint of rich, sweet cream, the whites of 2 eggs well beaten; sweeten with pulverized sugar; 1 teaspoonful of lemon.

TEA CAKE.—One egg, one and one-half cupfuls sugar, one-half cupful butter, one cupful of milk, one-half cupfuls flour, one cupful raisins, one teaspoonful soda; flavor with lemon.

GELATINE ICING.—Two tablespoonfuls of cold water, one tablespoonful of gelatine; let it stand until it becomes soft; then add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; stir well.

A REMEDY FOR FOUL BREATH.—It is said that common salt, put in the mouth, will effectually relieve foul breath, and will eradicate entirely in a few minutes. Bits of onion, beefsteak, or other strong articles of food, or animals, can thus be at once quieted.

LEMON PUDDING.—Half a pound of bread-crumbs, six ounces of suet, six ounces of sugar, the rind of a lemon chopped fine, and the juice, 3 eggs well beaten, and boil two hours in a buttered mould. Serve with hard wine sauce.

A REMEDY FOR WHOOPING-COUGH.—Two drops of tincture of, one-third syrup of ipecac. Dose—Half a teaspoonful for children under two years; from two to six years according to the severity of the cough. Shaken the mixture well before using it is almost infallible.

BOSTON TEA CAKE.—One cup well beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one cupful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful soda, dissolved in the milk, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, sifted into the dry flour, two heaping cupfuls of sifted flour, one tablespoonful of butter, melted; bake in small tins.

DARK STEAMED PUDDING.—To be steamed two and a half or three hours.—One cup molasses, one cup sugar, one cup sweet milk, two cups flour, four cupfuls flour, one cupful suet, one cupful fruit; spice to the taste; to be eaten with sauce.

TO CURE HAMS.—Take the hams as soon as cut, lay on a dry shelf, take one pound of salt and one pound of a ham and rub thoroughly on the fleshy side of the ham, and set aside. Next day rub all over with saltpetre, and the next day with molasses, repeating two or three times, they are ready for smoking; cover well, and hang up to dry.

MINCE PIE WITHOUT MEAT.—Take two quarts of finely chopped apples; cut in small pieces half a pound of butter; one quart of sweet cider, if you have it; if not, use water; half a pint of brandy, or good white wine; one pound of raisins, stemmed and washed; one teaspoonful salt, cinnamon and nutmeg; grate or not to suit the taste. Let it stand in a stone jar over night; just before baking add half a pint of rich sweet cream. The above quantity will make seven pies.

KATIE'S WANTS.

EVA M. TAPPAN.

Me want a Christmas tree,
Yes, me do;
Want an orange on it,
Lots of candy too.

Want some new dishes,
Want a red sail,
Want a rocking horse,
With a very long tail.

Want a little watch,
That says, "Tick, tick"
Want a newer dolly,
Cause Victoria's sick.

Want so many things,
Don't know what to do;
Want a little sister,
Little brother too.

Won't you buy 'em, mamma?
Tell me why you won't;
Want to go to bed?
No, me dont.

CHRISTMAS FASHION CHAT.

The air is fragrant with the spicy odors of evergreens which have been brought from their woodland homes, to be transformed under the merry touches of Christmas, into that charming creation of brightness and beauty which gives us the "Christmas Tree," and all legendary records tell us that to each tender little Christmas sapling, as poor as modest in branch, as well as the tall, wide-spreading tree, as rich in blossoms of gifts as its branches, some joyous blessing is given, some happy influence is brought with that "peace and good will" which is given to all on Merry Christmas Day.

Busy crowds and happy faces throng the streets, fragments of melody are heard here and there which tell of the Christmas carol, while everywhere there is visible some happy harbinger of Christmas, so that even Dame Fashion cannot resist pleasant influences, and comes with the fantasies of her taste and skill to swell the list of the charming attractions of the season.

In commencing my list, I will speak of the variety of costumes which have recently been designed for the holiday season, and which may be taken as a guide for the winter styles, and although there are many elaborate and beautiful dresses of costly materials and trimmings, there are many others which are elegant from their simplicity.

What can be more lady-like than a well-fitting costume of some dark colored cashmere, with jacket bodice, the skirt quite plain, has a narrow fluting coming from beneath; a pleated tablier buttoned on one side falls in a seine train, the tight coat sleeve is buttoned at the side, and with a deep collar and cuffs of linen or cambric. But for one who desires something more dressy the following style is effective, composed of a seal brown bourrette with tiny dots of a bright shade. The bodice is formed of cross pleats, and is open in a square over a plastron of seal colored faille, finely pleated lengthwise. The skirt is trimmed with two scarfs, forming draperies, edged with flutings of seal colored faille. At one side these draperies are buttoned down, and at the other the ends are concealed in the trimmings of the train, consisting of quillings and flutings of seal colored faille. A pocket of pleated faille is placed very much toward the back; the skirt is cut out in scallops and piped with faille, a fluting of the faille being placed beneath, and showing between the scallops. The sleeve is finished with a faille fluting and a revers at the side.

Of woollen costumes there are one or two deserving of notice of a new and tasteful style.

A costume is of olive green cashmere. The bodice forms a postillon basque at the back; the front part is composed of a gilet of brocaded silk of two shades of green; the skirt is of the fancy woollen material, with tablier of the brocaded silk forming three irregular points, stitched round the edges, large bows of green faille are placed very far back at the side; the back part of the skirt is kilted. This is a very favorite style for woollen materials. The very long tablier or apron which has been discarded for some time, is coming quite into fashion once more.

The Gabrielle, or Princess style, still prevails, but with numerous modifications. We shall mention, for our readers' benefit, a few of the most elegant which we have observed.

For instance, a very long Princess polonaise quite touching the ground at the back, and only showing about two inches of the pleated flounce of the underskirt at the side, in front it remains open all the way down; the edges are bordered with thick cord, and trimmed with braid or fringe at the back; this polonaise, or Princess dress—for it may be called either—can be made of neigeuse, bourrette, or any of the fashionable materials, the underskirt may be of some thinner fabric, merely trimmed round the lower edge with a narrow plaited or gathered flounce, and having the front breadth shirred or drawn, where the polonaise is left open; the sleeves should be of woollen material, with cuffs or facings of the drawn stuff same as front of the skirt.

A dress of bronze silk velvet is made very close-fitting, in the Princess shape. The front part, all the way down the middle, is of a drawn moss green faille, and at the back the velvet skirt is slit open over a train of green faille. The sleeves are of faille, long and tight to the wrists, with close plain velvet revers. This dress, with a deep collar and cuffs of white lace, guipure or embroidery, is of very *distingue* style.

Others, more elaborate, are trimmed down the front with silk or bead embroidery—that is a matter of taste; but the front part of shirred or drawn silk is a very novel and tasteful fashion. It is also seen with cashmere dresses, and is far less expensive a style than that of the cashmere tunic over a faille skirt, which prevailed last year, this front part being very narrow, and not taking up a great deal of silk. The train of velvet or silk. In cashmere dresses the skirt is generally made sufficiently ample as not to require slitting; it is trimmed with a fluting, or *plisse* of faille, which simulates an underskirt.

A great many questions have been asked lately on the subject of the new stuffs, designated *etoffes a poil*, owing to their rough, hairy texture. They are certainly amongst the greatest novelties of the present season, but it does not necessarily follow that they are preferable to other materials. Many of the lighter sorts of cloth have this appearance of roughness and hardness, but they are in reality quite soft to the touch. Black toilets become daily more in vogue; we announce this with great satisfaction, for what can be in better taste for most occasions? Either for morning promenades or evening parties—what can be more charming? A young woman never looks more elegant than in a well-chosen black toilet; a woman of thirty looks younger than in light colors; and as for an elderly lady, what comparison can there be between the effect she produces when dressed in trying youthful shades, and the agreeable appearance manifested when the same individual is appropriately clothed in a handsomely-made black velvet or silk? A very rich dinner costume may be made as follows:—Princess dress with open square; this opening may be continued in a long point, the space being filled up with white lace. A Marie Stuart velvet collar, covered with lace, completes the bodice at the back. The train is formed by means of a Watteau pleat, which commences at the lower edge of the back. The fulness belonging to this pleat is judiciously drawn toward each seam, after the manner of the postillon or postillion pleat. An insertion of lace, corresponding in character to that on the other parts of the dress, is placed on the outer edge of the sleeve. This trimming is continued from the shoulder to the extremity of the sleeve.

Amongst the newest styles of dress, there is one introduced by Worth which he has named the Empress, to which I have before alluded. It is somewhat similar to the Princess model, but between these two favorite patterns there exists one great distinction—the Empress is guiltless of any attempt at looping up; on the contrary, it is allowed to fall the entire length in its own natural, graceful folds. The back is cut in the form of a square-cornered train; the front sufficiently short to permit the elaborately dressed feet to peep daintily from underneath the dress, is more usually made of different material from that chosen for the train.

Sometimes the texture of back and front are the same; in the latter case, two shades, or two different colors are essential. For dinner parties or balls, this dress may present the following contrasts: for front-breadths a light silk (to be selected with due regard to the complexion of the intended wearer), for the train, dark velvet or silk, with brocaded pattern. Deep brome color and a delicate shade of pale pink form a most pleasing combination.

Another creation recently brought before our notice, is that of the plush grenadine; this is to be found in all the pretty light shades, and is largely employed as trimming for silk or grenadine evening dresses.

The jupon, or petticoat (on the pattern of which depends so much the stylish appearance of the dress), is now made more elaborately than ever. It is made of the Princess shape, or else very much gored, and fastened to a deep band by buttons and buttonholes. This band is made to fit the figure most accurately, and is cut rather deeper at the back than in the front. The back part of the petticoat is trimmed with flounces, which serves to support the dress, and give it the graceful folds so indispensible to the perfect effect of the whole.

Dark colors, such as olive and bronze green, navy blue, prune and seal color, are still the favorites of the season for plain materials, while they also form the ground work of all those fancy materials which are speckled and streaked with brighter shades.

Toilets are indeed most fanciful, not to say eccentric, both as to shape and colors. For the latter, fashion seems to be inspired just now by the green shades of the forest and its moss clad soil, brown and yellow and reddish tints being also introduced.

The Princess robe, pure and simple, or with various combinations, habit Louis XVI., and gilet (waistcoat) Directoire, polonaise longer than ever, and less draped; such is the taste of the present day.

We must not forget that a slight puffing is now generally observable in the centre of back of the polonaise.

Convenience is sought after in lingerie as well as in everything else. For instance the deep Richelieu, Marion Delorme collars, etc., which were originally made only in lace (and consequently not admissible on all occasions), are now composed of linen—this latter style would, however, be very unbecoming except for the addition of a pleated trimming or *plisse*, which gives a most soft and pleasing effect. All turned down deep collars ought to have a pleated lace trimming round the edge—the lace called *dentelle de Mirecourt* is much used for this purpose. Of late, these large collars have been finished off at the upper edge by a narrow straight band, slightly turned over on itself, and edged with lace to correspond with the whole.

Parures, or complete sets, composed of foulard and lace, are still worn. The collar is frequently fastened with a little bouquet of natural, or sometimes of artificial flowers, simulating the bow of a cravat or neck tie. A simple tuft of velvet foliage of a dark shade, with a sprinkling of gold or silver powder, is often allowed to take the place of flowers. A pretty turned-down collar of the shape called a revers. Directoire, may be made of blue foulard, with pleatings of the same, edged with Mirecourt lace. A tuft of otter brown velvet foliage, sprinkled with gold, fastens the collar in front.

Another pretty collar may be made of muslin puffings, with Valenciennes insertion, and narrow black velvet, the shape is square in front, and rounded at the back; the cuffs to correspond, reaching almost to the elbow, and have lace at the lower edge. Bows of black velvet with long ends should be added.

Sleeves are close to the arm. For simple morning dresses, linen collars and cuffs are worn, the cuffs, being, with the tight coat sleeve, worn outside of the sleeve.

In lieu of the straight formal rows of fringes, so much in vogue some time ago, we now frequently see tastefully made little tufts placed at regular intervals on the dress, to these a rosette of passementerie may be added as a heading.

A novelty in fur, likely to obtain popularity, is known as the "fur stole," in shape it very much resembles the priest's stole. It somewhat reminds us of the well-known boa, but it is longer and made quite flat, with a bright-colored lining, usually of satin. Satin ribbon bows to correspond, generally three in number, answer the purpose of fastening the stole.

We need only speak of muffs. For these, stuff, velvet, satin and plush are more in favor than the time-honored fur—the latter being more used for purposes of lining and edging. Muffs are now supposed to be worn of the same material as the mantle, that is to say, so many costumes, so many muffs. This rule, we need hardly add, can only be observed by the select few.

The description of a dressing gown may perhaps not seem out of place for the month of December. The model which we wish to present to the notice of our readers was of bluish grey vigogne. It was of course of the Princess shape, with a long train. The front was trimmed *en tablier*, with ruchings, pinked of the same stuff. Each quilling was headed with thread lace embroidered in maroon. The lower edge of the dressing-gown had a pleated flounce, with a similar heading. The extremities of each revers were finished off by one exactly similar, continued round the neck. From underneath this trimming, the Watteau pleat, forming the train, commenced.

Fashion combines velvet and satin fruit and flowers, sprays of fluffy feathers, small birds, ferns, grasses, moss, thistles, acorns, are all in great favor for bonnet trimmings.

A capote of olive green velvet, trimmed with a garland of pale pink chrysanthemums with foliage of green satin and chenille, bows of pale pink and green reversible ribbon, a dark green feather curled at the back, the brim trimmed with a puffing of pale pink, satin strings.

A bonnet of seal brown velvet, with old gold satin; the brim turned up all round, with satin puffings, a very large bow of seal velvet, with two long brown feathers, which curl back over the crown. A spray of deep crimson roses just behind the left ear, and strings of old gold and seal brown satin.

Our readers may observe from the foregoing descriptions that bonnets are fashionable of two or even more colors. Such is in fact the case, but it must be remembered that the models I have just described are all prepared for wearing with costumes of the same shade of color.

The black velvet, or felt bonnet, remains the useful chapeau de fatigue, to wear with any dress; the elegant dressy toilets for visits or promenades, require the bonnet en suite.

The Gabrielle hat, with broad brim turned up on one side and long drooping feather, is one of the most becoming models that can be imagined. It somewhat recalls the Gainesborough, but is less exaggerated in shape.

Among all these Christmas novelties of fashion, I hope my readers may find something which will add to the beauty of their holiday attire. The illustrations are carefully selected types of the styles they represent. In presenting to our readers our holiday number it is with the hope that it may prove one of the many pleasures of the Merry Christmas which we wish to them all.

No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 3.

No. 4.

No. 5.

No. 6.

HOW A BRIDGE WAS BUILT.

The following legend relates how a certain Grand Duke of Florence built a bridge without expense to the State. The Grand Duke issued a proclamation that every beggar who would appear in the grand plaza at a certain time should be provided with a new suit of clothes free of cost. At the appointed hour the beggars of the city all assembled, whereupon the officers caused each avenue to the public square to be closed, and then compelled the beggars to strip off their old clothes, and gave to each one a new suit. In the old clothes thus collected enough money was found concealed to build a beautiful bridge over the Arno, still called the Beggars' Bridge.

THE COLORADO BEETLE.

The Colorado beetle is not a recent importation into Europe, if we are to believe a Hungarian correspondent of the *Fremdenblatt*. Herr Karl von Ladany asserts that his own sons years ago found these identical beetles in the potato-field on his estate in the Banat, and still possesses specimens in an entomological collection. They are very common in Turkey and Roumelia, and in 1876 the failure of the potato crop in Bulgaria and Roumelia was ascribed to their depredations.

When it was said that Mars had three moons, it was remarked: "Think of young people living in a planet where there is no shady side of the street at night."

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. 1. Indoor Toilettes.

Figure 1st. The back is composed of brown velvet and silk brocade, the pleated plastron front is of plain brown silk, over which is inserted the plain brown velvet vest, which material also forms the sleeves, trimmed with silk pleatings. The fronts of the overdress are trimmed with revers of brown velvet. The model is suitable for black silk and damask, or velvet.

Figure 2 is a Princess costume of prune silk, with very long train. The back is trimmed with a pleated flounce surmounted by a satin band cut out in points. The front is fastened diagonally, and trimmed across the bottom with a pleated flounce, with satin points falling over, and above, a wide box pleating with a heading. The corsage is cut square, and trimmed with a quilling of black lace. A bouquet of flowers ornaments the side and the sleeves, which are half long; a similar bouquet, with loops of ribbon, ornaments the pocket and side of the skirt at the termination of the buttons.

No. 2.

A capote of claret colored velvet trimmed with black and white Spanish lace and moonlight jet.

No. 3.

A black felt faced with black velvet, the velvet is arranged around the crown, and in loops which catch up one side.

No. 4.

A black felt trimmed with a rouleau on loops of black velvet, black ostrich tips, and a steel buckle.

No. 5.

A wall basket for odds and ends—is of wicker work, trimmed with various colored wools in point Russe stitch. A tassel fringe of the wools trims the cloth points.

No. 6.

A work case, which will be found very useful, is cut out of card-board in pieces to form the shape of the design; each piece is covered with a neat figured chintz, and stitched together. The seams are covered with a quilling of worsted braid in color to match the chintz; a rosette finishes off the top of the cover; the lining may be of plain cambric, either blue, or some shade to harmonize with the chintz.

DRESS IN THE ELIZABETHAN ERA.

It was about the middle of her reign that Elizabeth introduced that astounding style of dress in which she figures in most of her portraits, and in which the body was imprisoned in whalebone to the hips; the partlet or habitshirt, which had for some time been in use, and covered the whole bosom to the chin, was removed, and an enormous ruff, rising gradually from the front of the shoulders to nearly the height of the head behind, encircled it like the enormous wings of some monstrous butterfly. In fact, there was ruff beyond ruff, first a crimped one round the neck like a collar; and then a round one standing up from the shoulders behind the head; and finally, the enormous circular fans towering far and wide. The head of the queen is seen covered with one of her eighty sets of false hair, and hoisted above that a jaunty hat, jewelled and plumed. In order to enable this monstrous expanse of ruff to support itself, it was necessary to resort to starch, and as Stubbs tells us, also to a machinery of wires, "erected for the purpose and whipped all over with gold thread, silver or silk." This was called a "supportasse or underpropper." The queen sent to Holland for women skilled in the art of starching, and one Mistress Dingham Vander Plasse came over and became famous in the mystery of tormenting pride with starch. "The devil," says Stubbs, "hath learned them to wash and dress their ruffs, which being dry, will then stand inflexible about their necks. From the bosom, now left partly bare, descended an interminable stomacher, and then the farthingale, spread out its enormous breadth like the modern crinoline. In nothing did Eliza both so much betray the absence of a fine and healthy taste as in her dress, a modern historian justly observing that the lady in full attire she resembled, with all her rings, her lace, her jewels, her embroidery, her ruffs, and her farthingale, more an Indian idol than an English queen."

SOME ACCOUNT OF A TORNADO.

A natural scientist and amateur signal service observer went down to Mount Carmel, Illinois, the other day, armed with a portentous list of questions concerning the natural history and habits of tornadoes. Accosting a prominent citizen, whose property had been dispersed over several contiguous districts, he asked him in the high and holy name of science, from what direction the tornado approached, its rate of velocity, its shape, whether the current of cloud revolved in the same direction as the hands of a watch, and several other questions of a similar nature. The citizen of Mount Carmel gazed upon him for a few moments, spat reflectively upon his hands, pulled off his coat, and replied:

"Stranger, if you had been sitting on your front stoop and suddenly seen a brazen fiery whirlwind scooting along like a fast mail train which was a year behind time, and the next thing you knew your wife was sailing over the Third Presbyterian Church, and your house had taken to itself wings and flown into the uttermost parts of the earth, you wouldn't be such an irretrievable ass and large idiot as to go and ask whether things flew around from left to right, or vice versa."

So saying he fell upon the scientist, and when that scientist got home and his wife opened the door for him, she exclaimed:

"Ah, Elaktu, there has been another tornado, and you got caught in it!"

FERTILIZATION OF FLOWERS.

Flowers not fertilized by insects at all—i. e., self fertilized—are entirely without color, scent or honey. Color, scent, and honey benefit them only so far as they attract insects which fertilize them, and which fertilize them far more effectually than they can fertilize themselves; and hence it happens that flowers visited by night insects have no colors which could not be seen at night, but are white when open, so as to show most at night, while flowers visited by day insects are marked with beautiful colors.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE NEGRO.

It is noted as a curious fact by Sir Samuel Baker that a negro has never been known to tame an elephant or ride with success. The elephants employed by the ancient Carthaginians and Romans were trained by Arabs or Carthaginians of the Punic race. A person might travel all over Africa and never see a wild animal trained and petted. It often struck Sir Samuel Baker as very distressing that the little children never had a pet animal, and, though he often offered rewards for young elephants, he never succeeded in getting one alive.

—Fifty members of a colored Baptist Church in Lexington, Ky., have been excommunicated because they would go to the circus.

THE MASQUE OF MONTHS.

ROSAH RAMSEY.

With bright or somber gear,
With smile or frown or wag,
In a measure the months go gliding
Perpetually along.
First January is here,
With cross that keenly glow,
And stanched warrior of shielding
A shadowy shred of snow.

Then February, a form
Fair-centered, wildly fate—
One of the North Wind's daughters
With pinched face and pale.
Then March, black rebel in storm,
The dread of home-hoard ships
Who fleece at lands and waters
With a ravaged mien on her lips.

Then April, gleam and shine,
Sad, merry, wild, meek,
With a cradle in her breast
And smiles and tears upon her cheek.
Then May, the sunlit divine,
With cheeks like a silk as rash,
Overmastered by caresses
Of butterflies and birds.

Then June, whose beauties to
With the rosy locked shade
Are seen to her as threading
That a rose has grown a maid.
Then quadrouge young July,
Jind proud but hungered lust,
Who bears, though of gentle seeming,
A lightning flash for a sword.

Then August, gravy, serene,
A chaste, if stately grace,
With the touch of time laid sorely
On her queenly, slumped face.
Then soft September, seen
In a cinnabar veil of mist,
With tresses that hide demurely
Two glimmers of amethyst.

Then flushed October, she
Whose face with pain are blent,
Like a queen whose zone is aching
And perque magnificent.
Then dull November, free
From hope, fright, doubt or care,
Having done with all heartbreaking
Being simply cold despair.

And last December drear
With piteous low drooped head
In a cave of desolation
Crying out, 'The year is dead!'
And so, with elongated gear
With smile or frown or song
The months, in strange variation,
Are ever gliding along.

That Horse of Mine.

I was nearly forty years of age, and felt myself so safely anchored in the peaceable haven of a bachelor's life, that nothing would induce me to run the risk of disturbing it by matrimony. But I have reckoned without the trumpeter's horse.

It was at the end of September, 1864, that I arrived at Paris from Baden, intending only to remain four and twenty hours. I had invited four or five friends to join me to Fatou for the hunting season, and as they were to arrive at the beginning of October, I had only allowed myself a week at La Roche Targe to prepare for that reception. A letter from home awaited my arrival at Paris, bringing me the disastrous intelligence that out of twelve horses five had fallen ill or lame during my stay at Baden, so that I was under the necessity of remounting my cavalry horse before I left Paris.

I made the round of all the horse dealers of the Champs Elysees, where I was shown a collection of screws, the average price of which was 1,200 but I was neither in a humor or in cash to throw away my money on such useless beasts. It was a Wednesday, the day of Chevet's Autumn sale. I went to the Rue de Ponthieu, and purchased, at a venture, eight horses, which cost me altogether 4,000 francs. "Very right," said I to myself, "there will be surely four or five which will go."

Among those horses there was one which, I confess, I bought principally on account of his coat. The catalogue did not assign to him any special qualifications as a hunter. All that it stated was, "Bruto, a saddle horse, aged, well broken." It was a large dappled gray horse, but never had I seen one better matched, or smooth skin dappled over with fine black spots so regularly distributed.

The next morning I left for La Roche Targe, and the following day my horses arrived. My first care was for Bruto. This gray horse had been running for the last forty eight hours in my head, and I was anxious to try his paces, and see what he was good for. He had long teeth, a mark of a respectable age, a powerful shoulder, and he carried his head well. But what I most admired in Bruto was the way in which he looked at me, following every movement with the most intelligent, inquisitive eye. Even my words seemed to interest him, he leant his head on one side as if to hear me, and when I had finished speaking, replied with a merry neigh. The other seven horses were brought out to me in succession, but they scarcely left any impression, and Bruto certainly was different from them all. I was anxious to take a little ride in the country, in order to make his acquaintance.

Bruto allowed himself to be saddled, bridled, and mounted as a horse who knew his work, and we started quietly together the best friends possible. He had a beautiful mouth, and answered to every turn of the rein, arching his neck, and champing his bit. His paces were perfect, he began by a slow, measured canter, raising his feet very high, and letting them fall with the regularity of a pendulum. I tried him at a trot and a short gallop, but when I sought to quicken his pace he began to amble in grand style. "Ah," said I, "I see how it is. I have bought an old horse out of the cavalry riding school at Saumur."

I was about to turn homewards, satisfied with the talents of Bruto, when a shot was heard a short distance off. It was one of my keepers firing at a rabbit, for which shot he it said *en passant*, he afterwards received a handsome present from me with. I was then exactly in the centre of an open space where six long graves roads met. On hearing the shot Bruto stopped short, and put his ears forward in an attitude of attention. I was surprised to see him so impressionable. After the brilliant military education I assumed he had received in his youth, he must be well accustomed to the report of a gun. I pressed my knees against him to make him move on, but Bruto would not stir. I used the whip to him, to make him turn to the right or to the left, but in vain. I made him feel my riding whip, but still he was immovable. Bruto was not to be displaced, and you do not smile, for mine is a true history—each time I urged him to move the horse turned his head round, and gazed upon me with an eye expressive of impatience and surprise, and then relapsed into his motionless attitude. There was evidently some misunderstanding between me and my horse. I saw it in his eyes. Bruto was saying as plainly as he could without speech, "I horse, do what I ought to do, and you, horseman, do not perform your part."

I was more puzzled than embarrassed. What a strange horse Cheri has sold me! And why does he look upon me in such a way?" I was about to proceed to extremities, and administer to him a good thrashing, when another shot was fired.

The horse then made one bound. I thought I had gained my point, and again tried to start him, but in vain. He stopped short, and planted himself more resolutely than ever. I then got into a rage, and my riding whip entered into play. I dealt in both hands, and struck the horse right and left. But Bruto, too, lost patience, and finding passive resistance unavailing, defended himself by rearing, kicking, and plunging, and in the midst of the battle, while the horse capered and kicked, and I execrated, was flogging him with the loaded butt-end of my broken whip, Bruto nevertheless found time to look at me, not only with impatience and surprise, but with rage and indignation. While I regretted of the horse, the obedience he refused, he, on his part, was expecting of me something I did not do.

How did this end? To my shame be it spoken, I was relentlessly and disgracefully unseated. Bruto saw there was to be nothing gained by violence, so resigned it necessary to employ matter. After a moment's pause, evidently passed in reflection, the horse put down his head and stood upright on his fore legs with the ad dress and equilibrium of a clown upon his hands. I was consequently deposited upon the sand, which, fortunately, happened to be rather thick in the place where I fell.

I tried to raise myself, but I rolled out and fell stretched with my face towards the ground. I felt as if a knife were sticking in my left leg. The hunt did not proceed serious—the snapping of one of the small tendons—but not the less painful. I was confined, however, by turning myself and sat down, but while I was rubbing my eyes, which were filled with sand, I saw the great foot of a horse descend gently on my head, and again crushed me on my back. I then felt quite disheartened, and was ruminating in my mind what this strange horse could be who I felt upon my tail and strike me in the face. I opened my eyes and saw Bruto throwing up his head with both fore and hind feet, trying to bury me. This appeared several minutes, when, apparently think ing me sufficiently interred, Bruto knelt by my grave, and then gallopped round me, describing a perfect circle. I called out to him to stop. He appeared to be embarrassed, but seeing my hat, which had been separated from me in my fall, he took it between his teeth, and gallopped down one of the green paths out of my sight.

I was left alone. I shook off the sand which covered me, and with my arm and right leg—my left I could not move—dragged myself to a bushy bank, where I seated myself and shouted with all my might for assistance. But no answer, the wood was perfectly silent and deserted.

I remained alone in this wretched position over half an hour, when I saw Bruto in the distance, returning by the same road by which he went, enveloped in a cloud of dust. Gradually, as it cleared away, I saw a little carriage approaching—a pony chaise—and in the pony chaise a lady, who drove it, with a small groom in the seat behind.

A few instants after, Bruto arrived, covered with foam. He stopped before me, let fall my hat at his feet, and addressed me with a neigh, as much as to say "I have done my duty, I have brought you back." But I did not trouble myself about Bruto and his explanations. I had no longer any doubt as to the beautiful fairy who had come to my aid, and who, jumping from her little carriage, tripped lightly up to me, and suddenly two exclamations were uttered at the same moment.

"Madame de Norlodis!"

"Monsieur de la Roche Targe!"

I have an aunt, between whom and my self marrying is a source of continual dispute.

"Marry!" she would say

I will not," was my answer

Would you have a young lady" There are Miss A, Miss B, Miss C

I will not marry."

Then take a widow, there are Mrs. D Mrs. E, Mrs. F" etc.

But marry I will not."

Madame de Norlodis was always in the first rank among my aunt's widows. To say that she was rich, lively, and pretty was unnecessary, but after setting forth all her attractions, my aunt would take from her secretary a map of the district where I lived, and point out how the estates of Norlodis and La Roche Targe joined, and she had traced a red line upon the map uniting the two properties, which she constantly obliged me to look at. "Eight hundred acres within a ring fence" a fine dress, to which the whole of the sportsman

But I would shut my eyes, and repeat as before, "I will never marry." Yet, seriously speaking, I was afraid of Madame de Norlodis, and always saw her hand encircled with an emerald of my aunt's red line. Charming sensible, talented, and eight hundred acres within a ring fence. Escape for your safety if you will not marry.

And I always did escape, but this time it was impossible. I lay extended upon the turf, covered with sand, my hair in disorder, my clothes in tatters, and my leg stiff.

What are you doing here?" inquired Madame de Norlodis. "What has happened?"

I candidly confessed I had been thrown

But you are not much hurt?"

No, but I have put something out in my leg—something which I am sure

And where is the horse which has played you this trick?

I pointed out Bruto, who was quietly reaping upon the sheets of the broom.

How it is him, the good horse! He has amply repaired his wrongs as I will relate you later. But you must go home di rectly.

How I cannot move a step.

But I am going to drive you home at the risk of compromising you.

And calling her little groom Bob, she led me gently by one arm, while Bob took the other, and made me limp like the cripple that I was. Five minutes afterwards, we were moving in the direction of La Roche Targe she holding the reins and driving in my left hand, I looking at her confused, embarrassed, stupid, ridiculous Bob was charged to lead back Bruto.

I trust your leg is quite straight," said Madame de Norlodis, and I will drive you very gently to avoid jolting. When she saw me comfortably installed, "Now me, she said, "how you were thrown, and I will explain how I came to your assistance.

I began my story, but when I spoke of the efforts of Bruto in unseat me after the two shots, "I understand it all," she exclaimed, you have bought the trumpeter's horse.

The trumpeter's horse!"

Yes, that is explains it all You have seen many scenes in the Cirque de l'Imperatrice, the performance of the trumpeter's horse. A Chasseur d'Afrique enters the arena upon a gray horse, then come the Arabs, who fire upon him, and he is wounded and falls, the horse, indignant at your not performing your part in the piece, threw you down. What did he do next?"

I related the little attempt of Bruto to bury me

Exactly like the trumpeter's horse. He saw his master wounded, but the Arabs may return and kill him, so what does the horse do? He buries him and gallops off, carrying away the colors, that they may not fall into the hands of the Arabs.

That to say but which Bruto carried off.

Precisely. He goes to fetch the vivandiere—the vivandiere of the day being your humble servant the Countess de Norlodis. Your great grey horse galloped into my courtyard, where I was standing on the steps, with my groom holding me and ready to get into my carriage. My groom seeing a horse saddled and bridled, with a hat in the stirrup and without a rider, tried to catch him, but he escaped their pursuit, ran straight up to the steps, and kneels before me. The next again try to capture him, but he gallops off, stops at the gate, turns round, and looks at me. I felt sure he was calling me, so I jumped into my carriage and set off. The horse darts through roads not always adapted for carriages, but I follow him, and arrive where I find you.

At the moment Madame de Norlodis had finished these words the carriage received a fearful jolt behind, and we saw in the air the head of Bruto, who was standing erect on his hind legs behind us. Seeing the little back seat of the carriage untenanted, he had taken the opportunity of giving to another specimen of his talents, by executing the most brilliant of all his circus performances. He had placed his fore feet upon the back seat of the little carriage, and was tranquilly continuing his route, trotting upon his hind legs alone. Bob shouting in vain to replace him upon four.

Madame de Norlodis was so frightened she let the reins escape from her hands, and sank fainting in my arms. With my left hand I recovered the reins, with my right arm I supported Madame de Norlodis, my only all the time causing me most frightful torture.

In this manner Madame de Norlodis made her first entry into La Roche Targe. When she returned there six weeks later she had become my wife.

"Such indeed is life," she exclaimed. "This would never have come to pass if you had not bought the trumpeter's horse."

MONTENEGRIN WOMEN.

Whenever the Eastern question is revived, Montenegro plays a prominent part in the fray. For centuries it held aloft the banner of Slavo Serv liberty, and has never submitted to Turkish rule. Much of the romantic interest which attaches itself to these mountain fastnesses on the shore of the Adriatic is due to the personal qualities and semi barbarous customs of their inhabitants. Hospitable, truthful and honest as the natives of the Black Mountains certainly is in their intercourse with visitors, remnants of wild savagery still pr vail in his warfare against the Turks and the way he treats the female sex, more like a domestic slave than as a helpmate with equal rights, points to a low standard of civilization. This inequality in the social status manifests itself even in the appearance of the two sexes.

The men are of lofty stature and possess a proud bearing, the women are of only middle height, with weather-beaten complexions, and a melancholy expression in their faces. The chronic state of personal beauty, such as regular features, of classical cut eyes of a singularly attractive blue tint, and luxuriant hair, in countenances are common to both sexes, but whatever good looks the women may possess in youth, they lose at an early age under a life of unspeakable toil. The cares of the household weigh them down, obliging as they are to bring the produce of their laborious husbandry to the sea coast for sale, and carry home on their backs, over steep mountain paths, the heavy bundles of their purchases. However in spite of this domestic serfdom in no country in the honor of women more respected than in the Black Mountains, and nowhere does a purer standard of social intercourse prevail.

No doubt the spread of education, which the present ruler, Prince Nicholas, earnestly promotes, in combination with road making, will in time remove the stain from the Montenegrin warrior, of degrading his faithful spouse too beast of burden. As may be expected, under these circumstances the superior position of the men in the household shows itself even in the dress, to which the whole much more attention than the women. The Montenegrin in full dress looks most picturesque. A long white cloth coat, open in front reaches nearly to the knees, showing an embroidered red waistcoat, and a red sash with full fringe ends. Blue knee breeches and white gaiters cover the leg, and shoes of hide are fastened by innumerable cords over thick socks. An embroidered shortcoat jacket replaces the long coat in summer, and a large wrapper of coarser material, called "struka," serves the purpose of keeping out the cold. The head-dress is a flat crowned cap, black on the sides and crimson on the top, with a star or other ornament in front of the centre.

The dress of the women is much less elaborately got up, and consists principally of an embroidered short jacket worn over a white chemise, a blue and red skirt, and a striped petticoat, more or less ornamented with braids and stitchery

The sash worn over the long brown tresses is either similar in shape and color to the one used by men, or more of the Phrygian cut and ornamented with coin and bead jewelry. Ornaments of gold silver and corals, suspended from twisted silken cords are worn round the neck

THE EYE IS WITCHING.—What is called the "evil eye" is supposed to be very potent in Wallachia. A Roumanian thinks that the greatest injury you can do to his or her child is to admire it. Such a word will have just passed from you to the child, and it will fade away and disease it is believed. The "evil eye" is also believed in by Jews and horses. There is one preventive most people attend to. A child or adult or animal decorated with red ribbons is supposed to be safe from the "evil eye," and hence most people wear something scarlet about them, and oxen have generally a red flag about their horns.

MOTTOES OF THE GREAT LONDON COMPANIES.—Some of the mottoes of the city companies are very curious. The blacksmiths', for instance, have for their motto, "By hammer and hand all arts do stand." The butchers', "Omnia sub jecisti sub pedibus, oves et boves," the clockmakers', "Tempus et rerum Imperator." The cutlers', "Drop as rain, feed as dew." The founders', "God the only founder," the framework knitters', "Speed, strength and truth united," the innholders', "Come ye blessed" when I was barberous, ye lodged me," the joiners', "Join royalty and liberty," the saddlers', "Hold fast, sit sure."

—The industrious cry of a peanut shell as it comes apart should never be heard in a prayer meeting.

The Musician.

Isabel Dunbath smiled contentedly back at the beautiful reflection in the glass.

"Oh, how pretty I am, and how glad I am that I am so pretty." What nonsense for people to say girls ought not to know it is far better they should. Of the wonder of Mr. Clifford has—has ever noticed—thought that I was pretty.

As if Clyde Clifford or any mortal man could have helped noticing the girl's exact bewitching loveliness of face, and perfect grace of manner and exquisite perfection of form, least of all Clyde Clifford, who his ardent admiration of women's beauty his delight in women's society.

He was a handsome fellow himself—a tall, big fellow, with nothing effeminate in manner or appearance, yet instinct with gentle, chivalrous tenderness so far as women were in question, and, as far as Isabel Dunbath was concerned, very friendly, very admiring, very devoted when special occasion conveniently offered, and yet sufficiently reserved to have the girl value him all the more eagerly.

There was a vast difference in their positions socially so far as wealth went, for Miss Dunbath was an heiress of the crude kind—a heiress in fashion, and the only child of her indulgent widowed mother, the loving tyrant in her beautiful house, while Clyde Clifford was a musical artist, a pianist upon his own account or against for his daily bread, and on that salary he managed wonderfully well.

For he was no ordinary musician, he was an artist who could command audiences at so much a head any time he chose to give a musical rehearsal.

He was a gentleman by birth and education, fitted to take his position anywhere and grace it well; and yet there were people in the Dunbath set of society, who, even while they recognized his admissable qualities, thought it rather presumptuous in him to try and associate upon friendly terms with the greatest family among them—that is, the Dunbaths.

Only Isabel, knowing his friendly intercourse with her and her mother was simply friendliness and nothing else, was piqued both at what people said, and at what Mr. Clifford did; for, in short she had come to care more for him than she would have dared tell. Not that she would have let anyone, least of all him, suspect it, of all the world; and yet, womanlike, she made up her mind to give him every chance to win the affection he could so easily have had for the asking.

And when Isabel made up her mind to accomplish an object she usually succeeded, and in this instance she discovered how exceedingly faulty she was becoming in her music, and how exceedingly natural that she should have Mr. Clyde Clifford give her a friendly yet professional course of instruction.

It threw them very much together, and the two or three times a week that the two spent their lesson hour together came to be very pleasant to both of them—came to be little bits of parallels dropped down to the girl who, while she worshipped him gave him not the slightest sign, for she was perfectly convinced on such a subject, as true girls are.

And Mr. Clifford? Well, it was certainly pleasant to see Isabel's pretty face bend and look into her bright blue eyes, and watch her dainty fingers flash over the pearl keys of the piano.

He had known the exquisite suppleness and grace of her form, the royal poise of her golden haired head, the fleeting blushes on her cheek, and when almost every day, she gave him some tiny spray of flower—usually a delicate pink azalea, he knew that it was a favorite flower—he would take it and thank her, and look at her a moment with his handsome, expressive eyes, and tenderly, as if he loved the flower for the giver's sake, raise it to his lips, and then say—"good morning," and go away leaving Isabel in that delightfully ecstatic state of half positive assurance, half doubtful uncertainty that never comes so fully as at such times.

Only there are ever such bitter drops in the sweetest cups—only the days and weeks passed and Mr Clifford said nothing more than all the world might have heard. Yet he was Isabel's flower, and even continued her lessons, and the girl dreamed alternate dreams of sweet hope and trembling doubt, until one day when she drove in her elegant little phaeton down to her dressmaker's.

There then came astonishment, anger, jealous pain and perfect desolation, for, festooned at the showy ruffle at Bessie Harman's throat nestled among the glossy leaves and buds of the white azalea flowers cut and not only azalea flowers, but the very ones Isabel had cut with her own hand and given to the man she loved.

And Bessie Harman was poor, and a dressmaker and even pretty, with her bright eyes and her tall large, light eyes, and slim, singular figure.

Poor, a dressmaker, homely, and yet—for her whole life Isabel had been indifferent to all the attractions Isabel had been offering him.

He loved Bessie Harman, then And she beautiful, rich, desirable, was as nothing in his estimation! Then she remembered how he had looked at her, time and again, and she felt that he loved her.

She recalled now those looks had thrilled her very soul, and she became heart sick and miserable, and she so hated the quiet, pallid little woman who was fitting her dress that the temptation was almost unendurable to strike her down. Instead, she began to talk to her, and to Bessie's astonishment, Isabel had been offering him

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What pretty flowers you are wearing, she said, sweetly. Azaleas, aren't they?

Yes, azaleas Aren't they lovely? I gave them to often, and I think I love them rather than any flower in the world.

Isabel almost clenched her hands in Miss Harman's face.

Perhaps you value them according to the love of some one else? Possibly for the giver's sake you love them

Just a faint crimson crept to Miss Harman's face.

Well, yes, perhaps. They certainly never would find their way to me unless as a gift. But you could not do better than them. As dear gifts from a dearer friend I certainly appreciate them.

Isabel was seething her hat before the long glass, and she saw the paleness on her face.

I was just trying to recall where I had seen pink azaleas. I am almost sure I was someone—Mr. Remington, Dr. Holland, Mr. Clifford—some gentleman with them in his buttonhole.

Miss Harman flushed again at mention of the last name But she answered, very quietly—

Mr. Clyde Clifford brought them to me. He is very kind."

It went like a dart through Isabel's heart.

He had given her gift to another woman —he, the man she had so tried, in her sweet, gracious, womanly way to win.

It touched her with an agony she could hardly restrain.

But somehow, she managed to get away from the presence of the woman for whom she, in all her glory and flush of budding womanhood, in all her royal dawn of grace and beauty, was counted as air in the ballarea—somehow she got away from the hateful sight of the pink azaleas without giving a sign of what had happened to her, for she realized at once what a terrible thing had happened.

How that, at one sudden blow, hope, confidence and joy had gone out of her young life, and bitter woe and the misery of desolation had usurped their place.

She realized, so keenly, what sunshine in her path Clyde Clifford had been, and now, how alarmingly sudden the blackness of darkness had spread over every thing.

But yet, could she justly censure him?

True he had taken her flowers, but could he have refused?

True he had looked very kindly upon her, but had not other men?

He had said no word, made no special sign it was she, poor foolish, silly creature, that had brought it upon herself, and she only had the pain of punishment to bear.

After that Mrs. Dunbath took it stiff into her head that she and Isabel must go abroad.

Of course that abruptly broke of every thing—lessons, interviews, everything between Isabel and Mr. Clifford and she bade her adieus as calmly as if nothing had happened—only suffering one sharp pang of indignation and contempt to dart from her eyes at the very last moment, when, as he took her passive hand to say good bye, he gently pressed it, and looked at her with one of those deep, earnest looks that once had been such pleasure to her to meet.

Instantly he released her hand. Immediately he took his leave, and the separation began that lasted two years.

And then the Dunbaths, away off in many skyed lands heard that two months after it happened, that Miss Harman, the plain little dressmaker, and Clyde Clifford, were married, and the pair had left town, to take up their abode elsewhere.

It hurt Isabel more than she had imagined it possible a wound inflicted by human hands could have hurt.

She thought of it continually, until, with the full realization that the one man she had loved was absolutely lost to her for ever, Isabel learned that she had passed the possibility of ever creating a fancy for an other, until she knew that she had secretly hoped against hope all those months, secretly transpierced with pride, indignation and jealousy, only to learn at the very last, that which she had known at first, that Clyde Clifford had never cared for her the value of a straw—as love was estimated.

It was a year after the positive news of Clifford's marriage before Mrs. Dunbath saw fit to set her face homeward by such slow easy stages that it was nearly six months later when Isabel and Clifford came directly upon one another.

He was handsome, indifferent, graceful as ever, as he bowed and gave her his hand

"Miss Dunbath! This is a most unexpected and delightful pleasure," he said.

And Isabel noted and let her hand rest in his just long enough to convince him, if conviction he needed, that they met entirely indifferent, as pleasant acquaintances met—just long enough to convince her self that they had met—a renewal of her old woe.

But not a sigh escaped her, not the faintest, smallest sign

A very unexpected pleasure, Mr Clifford. We had heard you were not living here any longer.

He looked somewhat surprised.

Not living here! And may I inquire how you could have been told that—Oh perhaps it was my cousin, and namesake, who was married lately to Miss Harman. to whom reference was made.

Earth, sky, railway train, and people suddenly seemed to begin the most insane dance around her. Her mother, fully acquainted with all her girl's hopes and fears, came quickly to the rescue

We certainly supposed it was you, Mr Clifford, as we had never heard of a relative of yours, and the identical name, too," said the old lady.

There was a look, half surprised, half amused on his face as he listened. Then looking towards Isabel, he read all the pitiful tortures in her proud, white face, and a great, sudden light sprung to his own.

Let me escort you to your carriage, ladies. I have a word to say, if you will permit me. said Clyde.

And then he told Mrs. Dunbath and Isabel how he had always loved Isabel, how he had never dreamed that she could ever care for him, how, almost in desperation, at the very last moment of their stay at home, he had resolved to confess all to Isabel, her contemptuous coldness, sarcasm, and indifference had driven him, and piqued him, and he left her go her way in ignorance of his feelings.

He told them how he had tried to conquer his love for her, how he had stubbornly determined to succeed, and—here was a specimen of his success.

And with Mrs. Dunbath smiling at him through her glad tears at the happiness that had come to her child, Clyde Clifford took Isabel to his heart and kissed her, his own.

"But—the azaleas! Oh, Clyde, when I remember how you gave my flowers

He laid his hand lightly over her mouth.

Hush, Isabel! You must remember there are other azaleas than pink ones, and you saw never came from me, or you. My cousin Clyed fancied them because I loved them so, and whenever he came from the city he always took them to me. So foolishly he interpreted them for his benefit. My darling, every flower you ever gave me I have carefully kept, and some day, when pushing, distressing fate has given me a place to perfect trust, happiness and love, I will show you my faded love pages."

FLYING SMUGGLERS.—A curious utilization of carrier pigeons was recently attempted in Belgium. This was to make them carry contraband goods into France. For a short time twenty four pigeons were let off regularly from the Belgian dovecot, each burdened with a roll of tobacco of from ten to fifteen grammes weight. They arrived at their French destination rather exhausted, and doubtless glad to be relieved of their load. In one case, however, unfortunately for this bright scheme a pigeon, in making the flight, and proving unequal to the effort, or perhaps poisoned by the tobacco, fell into the Seine, and was picked up. The system was found out and suppressed.

—In the pictures of poets handed down to us the individual is generally shown inwardly peering into vacancy, as though engaged in trying to solve the mysteries of nature, when more likely he is only thinking of some easy method to get his shirts away from the washerwoman without paying for them.

FUN AND PHILOSOPHY.

Jones, Fitz Jonesy, may his kind increase, Was sleeping at midnight in a dream of peace, And swift as lightning, on the wings of thought

His soul the realms of bliss Elysian sought.

There by St. Peter, at the narrow gate, He saw the Book—the Registry of Fate— And on its pages, in lines of flame, Appeared, anear the top his star-crowned name

Others there were, and after them were placed

The noble works that each life had well graced

Some had been martyrs roasted at the stake For virtue's cause and fair religion's sake Some lived their lives in penury and toil, For man's improvement formed the midnight oil;

Endured starvation, misery, disease, Never knew the pleasures of a moment's ease, Yet, patient suffered all such woe and strife To shine with radiance in the Book of Life. Little of good in words or deeds, indeed, Next after Jones Fitz Jonesy's name succeeded

Put up the pipes with calm and smiling face, And jotted down when he took his work of grace Such strength of virtue must be justly blessed,

And so Fitz Jonesy's name leads all the rest.

—A woman may have a "marble brow," "coral lips," etc., and yet not be "stony-hearted."

—Despite the brightness of the sky and balminess of the air, the present is very foul weather.

—The "first tramp" referred to in history is where the crushing of the serpent's head, is spoken of.

—Given is a young father, and whenever he sees his baby kicking around preliminary to a yell, he always remarks he is "preparing to go to a bawl."

—The active exercising of any particular set of muscles will always increase their strength, and this probably accounts for the anatomical fact that a woman's lower jaw is always larger and heavier than a man's.

—Before they were married he used to call her his "star," "dearest" "angel of the morning," etc., and she now explains the latter epithet by his continually in forming her that it is her place to make the fire

—Jones was passing under the eaves and an icicle dropped from the edge and made him on the cranium. One of the friends who enquire why he now has his ears in a bandage, he says it's on account of "cold in the head."

—Because a teacher is inclined to make as much of a riot over sitting down on a point-upward tack in his chair,as he would over a spike in the same direction, is no valid reason for any scholar to begin the experiment with a spike.

—If preachers were to feed their congregation at the evening meal on mince pie, they would afford a much more fruitful and profitable realization of the dan ger of the hereafter to be avoided, than by the most vivid description.

—It is said that no people in the world are so fond of lectures as the Americans. This is the result of enforced idleness. What at least, one sex, married and single, have been accustomed to for centuries, should, quite naturally in time become a character istic want.

—No people are so apt to lapse into forgetfulness of their proper duties as young folks who are courting. A youth and maiden will sit together in a parlor till twelve o'clock, and unless the old man up stairs rounds them, they will think it is the "great question of the hour."

—Jenkins was a very sensitive as well as patriotic man. At a convention of politicians the other night he said something that displeased his fellows and they fell upon him as one individual, and fired him out of the window. He says he never felt so "put out" at anything in all his life.

—If a young girl have a little brother it is wrong to allow him to get his ideas of natural history from the animals she works on tidies, slippers, etc To live and act in this world she must know that dogs have blue ears and purple eyes, is apt to make the world skeptical as to the amount of intelligence possessed.

—He ran somewhat hastily into a cigar store, and said, pompously: "Give me one of your best Matilda cigars."

I guess you mean a Manilla," said the assistant.

"Oh yes," he said, "I was thinking of another girl.

—Different phrenologists have various ideas as to the real indications of cranial development, some asserting they mean one thing and some another. Which is how ever, are agreed, though it is not in any classification of signs, that a pair of black eyes and a bloody nose are strong proofs of combativeness.

—A classical education furnishes the mind very frequently with too apt illustrations. There is no nobler story than that of the mother of the Gracchi, where she points out her children and says "These are my jewels." But how forcibly it strikes the student in after life as he puts his watch and other available valuables before the pawnbroker and mentioning "These are my jewels," requests to be accommodated with some of the necessity!

SOLVED.

THE IMPROBABLE IN WAR.

Every man who has ever been in the thick of a fight knows that, to all appearances the escape of any man is plainly and utterly impossible, if not well nigh impossible also. Bullets fly around him thick as hail, shells burst and solid shot scream around his head for hours. But some of the thousand missiles shall hit him seems to be almost inevitable, and yet in very few battles does one man out of a certain any sort of harm. The writer of this article has seen a 13-inch mortar shell explode in a mortar pit fifteen feet square, in which eight men were standing, without doing harm to any one of them. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred such an occurrence would kill every man so exposed but in this case the utterly improbable thing happened. In another case within the writer's knowledge, a man climbed, with seventy five pounds of powder in it, exploded without injuring a man who was sitting on it at the time. Improbable things of a contrary sort happen less frequently To draw still from this writer's observation, a man lying in a mortar pit fourteen feet deep, lying close to the revetement, too, was killed by a musket ball which came a distance of not less than a thousand yards, and passed through the man's lungs. It had probably struck a pebble or some other object in front, which caused it to fly upward, and afterward to fall behind the high parapet. At any rate, it killed the man.